

The Famous and Pleasant
HISTORY
OF
PARISMUS

The Valiant and Renowned
Prince of **BOHEMIA**

In Three Parts.

PART I. Containing the Adventures of Parismus, who is self fought against the Perilous, his Love to the Beautiful Lauretta, the great Discovery he made in the Island of Rocks, and his Adventures in the Desolate Island.

PART II. Containing the Adventurous Travels, and Noble Chivalry of Parismus, the Knight of Fame, with his Love to the Fair Princess Angelica, the Lady of the Golden Tower.

PART III. Containing the Admirable Adventures and truly Heroick Achievements of Parismus, Knight of the Golden Star, with his Love to the Fair Affres, Princess of Astracia, and other rare Adventures.

L O N D O N.

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

IN this Book you will find such Variety of excellent Passages, so taking and delightful, that I may well say it is a Garden of Pleasure to refresh the Mind, and recreate the Senses; here the Conquests of Beauty, Valour, and Vertue, are mixed and interwoven like Roses, Lillies, and Jessamine, that compose and enamel a fragrant Bower, each striving which shall add most to your Contentment.

The Loves of the valiant Parismus and the beautiful Laurana, are no less Strangers to the World, than those of Parismenos and the fair Angelica; a History it is that has found Acceptance with Persons of all Degrees, whose Pages have been many times drowned with Ladies Tears, flowing from a tender Compassion to suffering Lovers, whose Vertues contended with

The Preface to the Reader.

with their adverse Fates and doubtful Fortunes, and, after long combating, broke through many Dangers, like the Sun, after a black and affrighting Tempest, shined clear again, to their Joy and Comfort.

The main Design and End of this Book, is, to encourage Vertue and true Magnanimity, by the Examples of the chief Characters lively represented in it; and though, at first sight, it appears to be only the History of Parismus, Parismenos, Parismenides and Aistrea, yet it contains various Histories of the Adventures of other renowned Knights, with their Passions and different Successes in Love and Arms; the destroying of Tyrants and Oppressors, and rescuing the Distress'd from their imminent Dangers, with the Satisfaction they received thereby and communicated to others.

The Third Part, added to the two former, is intirely New, exceeding passionate and diverting, treating as the other of Love and Honour in the highest degree, acquired by Persons proceeding from the same Stem, equally noble and vertuous, compleating the entire History, of which there can be no more expected: And indeed what excellent Variety it contains, may be sufficient to raise Wonder in the Reader, and such Contentment as is not any where else to be found of the same nature; and for that reason it has acquired so high a Reputation in the World.

To be brief, It contains whatever is desi-

The Preface to the Reader.

vable and pleasing of this nature, and cannot,
for any thing I conceive, miss of a kind En-
tertainment, especially with the younger Sort:
And, to others, it may not be ungrateful, but
antidote Melancholy, and divert them in lei-
sure Hours, by unbending their Cares, and
dissipate the Dulness of the Spirits, that too
tedious a Pursuit of Business brings upon
them. So, no longer to detain you, I wish
you as much Pleasure in Reading as I had in
Writing it.

Parismus a Bohemian Prince,
in Vertue does excel;
And Parismenos too, long since
has born away the Bell:

In Vertue they both Equal are,
in Love and Arms likewise:
Then who with them dare once compare,
or hope 'bove them to rise?

Their valiant Deeds abroad are hurl'd,
by which they've gain'd Renown;
Their Fame rings throughout all the World,
in Court, in Camp, in Town.

And tho' they got such Fame by Arms,
as none e're got before;
They conquer'd too in Love's Allarms,
and the Fair Sex adore

The Preface to the Reader.

In Terms so melting, and so soft
that none cou'd them withstand :
And they hard Hearts subdu'd as oft,
almost in ev'ry Land.

Here's likewise *Parismenides*
and fair *Affrea* too,
Two Lovers equal unto these,
what Story ever knew !

Then prize this Book, fill'd with Delight,
that you need wish no more ;
More fam'd for Love and Martial Fights,
then any Book before.

THE

The Famous and Renowned
History of *PARISMUS*.



C H A P. I.

*How Parismus, Prince of Bohemia, arriv'd
in Thessaly, and by the Assistance of his tru-
sty Friend Oristus, got a sight of the incom-
parable Princess Laurana.*



P*arismus*, Son and Heir apparent to
the King of *Bohemia*, having at
home given sufficient Testimony
of his Princely Courage, began now to
think of manifesting his Valour abroad,
and led especially by the Fame of *Laurana*,
Heir

The Famous History of

Heirefs to the Crown of *Thessaly*, and Daughter to *Dionysius* King thereof; he determin'd, with an honourable Retinue to visit the Court of *Thebes*, the Metropolis of that Country: Where, being received with all imaginable Courtesie and Magnificence, he resolv'd to spend some time, there encouraging himself with secret Hopes of enjoying the beloved (tho' yet unseen) *Laurana*. Nor was *Parisius* the only Person that entertained those groundless Hopes, for as the World was filled with the Reports, so was her Father's Court with Princes, that continually resorted thither in hopes of gaining her Affection; amongst whom was one *Sicinius*, Prince of *Persia*, who, with the King and Queen of *Hungary*, Prince of *Sparta*, and Lady *Isabella*, came thither about the same time, and upon the same Account.

Dionysius, famous as well for the Hospitality of his Court, as the Beauty of his Daughter, entertain'd them with like Courtesie and Civility; but *Laurana*, who had observed the two Princes severally at their approach, conceived in her tender Heart, an Inclination rather to like *Parisius* than *Sicinius*; not that she knew either their Business or their Qualities, much less their Names, or of what Country they were; but seeing *Parisius* enter the Palace, being a Prince of lovely Co-

sture, and Masculine Beauty, she could not refrain from calling *Leda* her Maid to the Chamber-window, to ask her Opinion concerning him; nor from speaking many things in Commendation of so worthy a Personage.

No sooner had he withdrawn himself, and entered the Palace, but *Laurena* began immediately to find in herself a sensible Alteration; sometimes she blush'd, as if she had been in a Fault, and then presently she look'd pale, for fear of being discover'd; sometimes she sigh'd, which she endeavour'd to drown in a Cough, and sometimes study'd, which she always put off with a Smile: this Diversity of Passions she no more knew how to prevent, than to guess from whence they came: But *Leda* being a more experienc'd Amourist, soon guess'd at the Distemper by the Symptoms, and though she seem'd to discern nothing, because she saw her Lady desir'd to have it so, yet she easily found all the Signs and Tokens of an ensuing Fit of Love.

Dionysius in the mean time entertaining the young Princes and Nobles with all the Splendor of his Court; (excepting the fair *Laurena*) gave all the Satisfaction and Content they could wish or imagine; only *Parisinus*, fill'd with the Expectation of so Divine a Creature, could take Delight in

The famous Discourse of

none of all the costly Delicacies there provided: which, while the other Guests most lavishly wasted and devoured, he in the mean time cautiously fed himself even with the Despair of seeing *Laurana*. However, he seemed to do like the rest, that so his Concernment might not be misconstrued, as an Effect of his Dislike; nor truly construed, for an Effect of his Love. Dinner ended, (with *Parisinus* before it begun) the Company retired into the Gardens, which were most sumptuous and delightful, as well for Use as Ornament, and fraught with all manner of Fruits to please the Palate, as well as Flowers to gratifie the other Senses. Here, while the Nobles were diverting themselves according to their several Inclinations, *Parisinus* singling out his trusty Friend *Oristus*, took him aside to a private and melancholy Walk in the Wilderness, and there, after some leading Questions about indifferent Matters, he came to ask him how he liked the Court of *Dionysius*; and whether those Gardens were not much more pleasant than any in *Bohemia*? &c. To all which *Oristus* having answer'd in such a manner as he thought might best please the Prince, he at last desired pardon of *Parisinus*, if he likewise might presume, without Offence to ask his Highness one innocent Question; to whom *Parisinus* replied, That as

innocent Question could offend none but a churlish Disposition, though propounded by an Enemy or Stranger, much less from a Bosom-friend: Then replied *Oristus*, Is not my Lord in trouble of Mind, that he hath not yet enjoy'd the sight of his beloved *Laurana*? To whom *Parisinus* replied, My dear *Oristus*, thou art so much the Partner of my Heart, that I can keep no Secret from thee; and when for a time I endeavour to be so unkind, my very self discovers that which I endeavour to conceal: 'Tis that, and only that which disquieteth me, and takes from me the Beauty of those delightful Gardens, and, indeed, of every place where she is not, or, at least, not to be seen. *Oristus* perceiving him grow into a kind of amorous Extacy, desired him to mitigate his Passion, and he question'd not but by the Interest he had in the Lord *Reinus*, (a great Favourite) to procure him not only the Sight, but the Speech of the admired Lady; which for the present gave him some Satisfaction, being willing to believe what he so much desired, though at present he saw no way how it might probably be effected.

The Evening wasting with many Delightful and Princely Exercises, they began to think of repairing every one to their respective Lodgings, whither they were severally attended; and though the Apartment allotted for *Parisinus* were more richly

The Famous History of

richly adorned than any of the rest, yet such was his Disquiet of Mind, that notwithstanding the Comfort *Oristus* gave him, he took little rest that Night, but spent the solitary Hours in Contemplation of a Person he had never seen, and in framing for her such Features as were best pleasing to himself.

Early in the Morning, *Dionysus*, according to his usual Custom, rose to go a Hunting; and visiting his Guests of chiefest Note, desired their Company; but *Oristus*, purposing to perform his Promise, stay'd behind with the Lord *Remus*, who invited him to take a Walk in the Gardens, and view the magnificent Heighth, and spacious Circumference of the Palace: which, when *Oristus* had sufficiently viewed, but could never sufficiently admire, as they were returning by the way of the Privy-garden, they were happily met by the illustrious *Laurana*, who, with her Maid *Leda*, was coming to take the Benefit of the Morning-air, at a time she thought all the Strangers of the Court had been rode a Hunting; she at first started at the sight of the strange Knight, but seeing him in the company of the Lord *Remus*, she came with the greater Confidence, and said, *I thought, my Lord, this fine Morning would certainly have drawn your Lordship into the Field, who hath always been a profess'd Hunts-*

Parisinus and Parismenos.

7

Truly, Madam, said he, were I always sure to be thus rewarded with a sight of the Princess Laurana, I doubt I should prove but a lazy Huntsman: I confess, at this time, I design'd not my self so great a Happiness, but staid in Civility to this Gentleman, who had otherwise been alone. Then, recommending Oristus to a Kiss of her fair Hand, she modestly gave him a hearty Welcome to her Father's Court, and pursued her Walk. Oristus understanding her to be the Princess, thought himself made most happy by this Encounter; and being inform'd by the Lord Remus of her Apartment, he took particular notice thereof, and so in Civility left the Princess to her private Cogitations.

The King and Train returning about Noon, Parisinus, who took but small Delight in the Pastime of the Morning, came with an amorous Impatience to enquire of Oristus what News, whether he had seen his fair One, or discovered her Apartment. But Oristus, having desired his Highness jestingly to be a little patient, and not to ask two Questions, before he had answered one, gave him a full account of all that had happened, with such high Commendations of the Princess, as had been Flattery of any Woman but herself. With what joyful Earnestness Parisinus heard him, let the Reader judge; and

yet therewith no way satisfied, he almost
envy'd even his dearest Friend so great an
Happiness. However, being certified of
her Lodging, he resolv'd within himself
to walk there continually in hopes of blef-
sing his Eyes with so Divine a Spectacle.
In Prosecution of which Design, taking a
small Book out of his Pocket, and dismis-
sing *Oriston*, he immediately repaired to
the Tarras-walk, just under her Chamber,
and there made several Turns, casting
an Eye much oftner towards her Win-
dow, than towards the little Volume he
had in his hand, as hoping indeed to see
there much the fairer Impresson of the
two: *Laurana*, by this time opening the
Casement, upon some accidental Occasion,
and not seeing the Prince, gave him una-
wares the full View of her Face, which
Sight he so eagerly enjoy'd, that he had
almost lost himself in Admiration; as
sometimes poor hunger-starv'd Mariners
long detained from Food, have devoured
their Meat, at first, so greedily that they
have immediately perished therewith.
But to keep the Prince from surfeiting,
Laurana had no sooner espy'd there a
strange Knight, but she immediately clapt
to the Casement, and through the Crevi-
ces thereof gave herself the Satisfaction she
desir'd her Lover, who, understanding by
his Friend *Oriston*, that the King wait'd

for his Company at Dinner, was forced to quit the Tarras, and betake himself to a Banquet far less delightful than what he there enjoyed.

The greatest part of Dianer-time he spent in Contemplation of his late happy Success in enjoying the Sight of his Beloved; the rest he imployed in contriving how he might come to the Speech of her; which, having modelled according to his Fancy, he rose as it were abruptly from the Table, and withdrawing himself to his Apartment, sent an Excuse to the King by one of his Servants, desiring his Majesty's gracious Pardon for his rude Departure, which he hoped the Indisposition of his Body would excuse. *Dionysius*, concern'd for the Prince's Sickness, as soon as Dinner was ended, went to give him a Visit, which *Parisinus* suspecting, he let a Page at his Chamber-door, to acquaint his Majesty, or any else that should come there, that the Prince was in a Slumber, and desired not to be disturbed. This Excuse gave *Dionysius* Satisfaction for the present; and *Parisinus* Opportunity, to carry on the Design of seeing his Mistress, unsuspected, which he effected in manner following.

CHAP. II.

How Parisinus discovered his Love to Laurana at a Masque, upon her Birth-day, as they were Dancing together; and how (so their great Disquiet) Laurana is promised by the King, her Father, in Marriage to his Rival Sicanus, Son and Heir to the Emperour of Persia: Letters that passed between Parisinus and Laurana; and the jealous Envy of Sicanus.



HAVING understood from his Friend Oristus, by Information of the Lord Remus, that this was Laurana's Birth-day, and that the Queen Oliva had ordered a Royal Banquet to be prepared for the Entertainment of her Princely Guests, at which Laurana was to appear in publick (which she never did but upon such Occasions,) Parisinus proceeded with Oristus,

and some other of the Bohemian Court, to entertain the Company with a Mask; hoping, by that Device, to attain to the Speech of the incomparable *Laurana*, to which end he had counterfeited Sickness, to avoid Suspicion: This Design being secretly carried on, Supper-time approach'd, which, with the Sumptuousness of the Entertainment, and the Presence of the admired *Laurana*, gave infinite Satisfaction to the Partakers. And now the Company of the Bohemian Prince seem'd to be the only thing wanting to make their Happiness compleat, especially to the inestimable Princess, who, not daring to make any Enquiry, wondred that among so many worthy Knights, she could not espy the Princely Countenance of that gallant Person she had the same Day seen walking in the Tarras. While she was in these Contemplations, Notice was given, that a Set of Masquers were entring to divert that Royal Assembly; which, after Preparation made, were admitted accordingly; and entred in this manner:

First entred two Moors in white Sattin, with Torches or Flambeaux; and after them as many Eunuchs in Cloth of Gold, playing on Wind-musick; then appeared the illustrious *Parisinus*, in a most beautiful Disguise, dancing a Sarabrand; next after him followed *Grifus*, and after him

the Lord *Remus*, with two other Knights of the Bohemian Court, all most richly apparelled, and performing their several Parts to Admiration. But so infinitely surpassing was *Parismus*, as well in the Shape of his Body, as the Excellency of his Motion, that he attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators, especially her's whom he most regarded, the matchless *Laurana's*: To whom, in a submissive manner, he addressed himself, and took her out to dance; Lord *Remus* took out the Lady *Isabella*; *Orissus* another Spartan Lady, &c. so that all together dancing a Figure-dance, the Resting-times and Intervals *Parismus* employed in making himself known to the Lady of his Affections. The Masque ending with the Applause of every judicious and impartial Eye, *Dyonisius* address'd himself to the Masquers, returning them hearty Thanks for the Diversion they had given them; and desiring them to accept of a small Banquet his Daughter had prepared for them upon her Birth-day. This *Parismus* accepted of with his humble Thanks, not so much for the sake of the Banquet, as for her's that prepar'd it. And therefore, to keep the King no longer in Suspence, he pull'd off his Vizard, and discovered himself to be the Bohemian Prince; *Parismus!* said the King, smiling, *I am glad you are so soon recover'd of your Illness: But*

now I see the Cause of your Distemper, and cease to wonder at your sudden Sicknes and Departure from Dinner. Which *Parismus* again excusing, and saluting the whole Company, they all applauded his Princely Behaviour, and Courteous Ingenuity, except the malicious *Sicanus*, who immediately quitted the Room with an apparent Shew of Dislike and Discontent.

The rest of the Company withdrawing into the Banqueting-house at the Request of *Oliva*, where they were again most magnificently treated with such Delicates as the Ingenuity of *Laurana* could invent; with which, tho' *Parismus* were highly pleased, he could not forbear looking very frequently upon *Laurana*; by which means, tho' he satisfied his own Curiosity, he robbed the poor Princess of many Opportunities of viewing her *Parismus*: Nevertheless, she had sometimes the luck to steal a Glance, as she thought, undiscerned by any, tho' at the same time the whole Company observed it; which caused many Nobles, especially the Friends of *Sicanus*, to envy the private Kindness *Laurana* seem'd to have for the Prince of *Bohemia*: Of which, when they were departed, every one began to make their several Constructions. Thus were *Parismus* and *Laurana* mutually enamour'd each of other, as it were at first Interview, and when they

got to their several Apartments, both separately conspired to bring about the same End, viz. The farther Enjoyment of each others good Company; the Care of which *Laurana* committed to *Leda*, the Cabinet of her Secrets; and *Parisinus* to his trusty Friend *Oristus*, with whom he consulted about the same Matter.

Sicanus in the mean time fretting within himself to see the Princess *Laurana* shew more Favour to the Prince of *Bohemia*, than the Heir of *Persia*, openly declared to *Dionysius*, 'That the Cause of his coming was, to demand the Princess in Marriage; the King of *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*, being come as Embassadors upon the same Account. To whom *Dionysius* made answer, 'That for his part he should be very glad to have his Daughter married to so Hopeful a Prince, and himself ally'd to so Mighty an Emperour: promising withal, to propose the same to *Laurana*, who, he doubted not, would readily enough consent to so Honourable a Marriage. The Princess all this while little imagining what Mischief was plotting against her, spent the Night in contriving which way she might again enjoy the sweet Society of her beloved *Parisinus*, who had no less Disquiet, in casting about how to come into the Company of his *Laurana*: But early in the Morning getting

out of his Bed, and attiring himself in a careless, but comely Dress, he repaired again to the old Tarras-walk, as the only Expedient he could think of to that purpose. He had not taken many Turns, but *Laurana* had spied him through the Glass, and dispatching her Maid *Leda* upon some sleeveless Errand into the Garden, she concluded *Parismius* would have something to say to her, which might be to her Satisfaction. And accordingly it fell out, for as *Leda* was gathering a Nosegay of the prettiest and choicest Flowers, *Parismius* saluted her with a courteous Good-morrow, and demanded how fared her Lady the Princess: Who, returning Thanks for his kind Enquiry, satisfied him, that she was in good Health. *I pray you Dam'sel*, said he, *present her with this Paper, and the Service of one of her most humble Adorers, Parismius; if it may not be thought too great a Presumption in me, nor be esteem'd too great a Trouble to yourself.*

I am confident, replied *Leda*, *no Message from your Highness will ever be look'd upon as a Presumption by the Princess Laurana, or seem a Trouble to your humble, though unworthy Servant.* Whereupon, sliding into her Hand a Present of no small Value, he dismissed her, and again he betook himself to his Walk in expectation of the Event. *Laurana* having observed *Parismius* to give *Leda*

da a Paper, imagined it was for her self and being impatient to see the Contents met her at the Stair-foot, and, suddenly breaking it open, she read these Words:

Most excellent Madam,

IF the Contents of this Paper be a Presumption, it is the Excess of my Love that has occasion'd it, so that my Fault must be my Excuse; but if Love be a Fault, how great a Criminal is Parismus? Pardon me, Madam, that I dare be so confident once more to beg the Favour of Kissing your Royal Hand, at such a Time and Place as your Highness shall think most convenient; for, since the unhappy Minute of your Departure, I have not enjoy'd the least Thought to my Satisfaction, but the Remembrance of having once seen you, and the Resolution of ever being,

Madam, Your's at Command,

PARISMUS

Laurana, glad of so fair an Opportunity, at the same time, to oblige a Man that loved her, and enjoy the Company of him she loved, thought no Time like the present to give him an Answer; and observing him to walk under her Window, in seeming Expectation thereof, sent him this short Reply:

Most Noble Prince,

I Look upon your Love to be like yourself, Honourable; and, if so, neither is it in itself a Fault, nor to tender it, Presumption: My Maid will tell you at what Time and Place you may expect to meet me; which is an Argument of the Confidence reposed in you, by

LAURANA.

Joyful at the Receipt of this welcome and unexpected Answer, *Parismus* thought himself amply recompenc'd for the Misfortune he conceived to himself in not having bless'd his Eyes with the Sight of the Angelical *Laurana*; and having humbly return'd his Service by *Leda*, he hastened to his Friend *Oristus*, as well to acquaint him of the Happiness that had befallen him, as to avoid the Censure of suspicious Eyes, who might otherwise guess at his Design in walking under *Laurana's* Window; for by this time, Every-body was stirring about the House; and *Dionysius* had sent for his Daughter in order to the forementioned Match of *Sicannus*: *Laurana* coming with all Submission to know the Pleasure of her King and Father, was soon welcomed with the unwelcome News of *Sicannus's* Love, which *Dionysius* propos'd with all the seeming Advantages that could be imagined, but in so mild a manner, that he seem'd not to use the Authority of a

King, but the Indulgence of a Father; in-
somuch, that though the thing propos'd
was most unwelcome to her Ears, she re-
ceiv'd the same with as obedient a Sweet-
ness, as if she had been ready to grant her
Consent: Whereupon *Dionysius*, leaving
Laurana to consider of it, went in Person
to *Sicannus*, and gave him all imaginable
Encouragement; making that Day a gene-
ral Entertainment, on purpose that *Sicannus*
might find an Opportunity of expressing
his Love to *Laurana*.

Dinner being ready, it so fortun'd, that
Parisius was seated just opposite to the
Princess, and *Sicannus* a pretty way below
her on the same side, so that while the one
had the Opportunity of viewing her Per-
fections in their most resplendent Lustre,
the other had only now and then a Side-
view of her Face; and while *Parisius* en-
tertain'd her with pleasing (but common)
Discourse, *Sicannus* was so imprudent to
imagine he had been making Love. Thus
did his Gall-boyl within him for the Ma-
lice he bore to *Parisius*, against whom he
vow'd perpetual Enmity from that very
Hour. Nevertheless, after Dinner, by the
King's means, he found an Opportunity of
discouraging *Laurana*, and manifesting his
Passion after the best manner he could;
but so short it came of that Vigour and
Sincerity she discerned in the Love of *Pa-*
risius.

Parisius, that, in spite of her courteous
and obliging Nature, she was forced to re-
ceive it with a civil Indifference, and to
quit his Company in a manner little better
than scornful.

CHAP. III.

*How Sicanus perceived the Love Laurana bore
to Parisius; and how he plotted to seize
her, and carry her away by Force; and in
what manner she was rescued by the Valiant
Prince of Bohemia; with other Matters.*



*Sicanus, the most Malicious and Cruel of
all Men, having got secret Intelligence,
by the means of a Waiting-woman be-
longing to the Princess Laurana, whose
Fidelity he had corrupted with large Sums*

of Gold, how she despised him, and loved *Parismus*; whose Vertues he found was much superiour to his, as the Graces of his Person gave that Prince singular Advantages over him, resolved upon a Stratagem, how to take her away by Force, and bale-ly murder, without Respect, all that stood in Opposition.

Armed with this Resolution, in order to put this his wicked Purpose in Execution, he procures *Lambespin*, his Favourite, who came with him out of *Persia*, with Money and Jewels, to hire Persians, and other Strangers in Disguise, to lay wait in a Forrest when the King, Queen, Princess, and small Train of Attendance went from the City to a Castle they had five Leagues from it, to recreate themselves, as they usually did in the Summer, it being one of the most pleasantest Palaces in the Country. This wicked Man obeyed his Master's Orders, took an Oath of Secrecy of those he hired, not in any Extremity to discover who employed them, prepared a Chariot to carry the Princess off, and upon Notice in the Morning that the Court was to remove, laid his Ambuscade advantageously; and in the midst of the Forrest, where there was a void Space, burst out, charging the Guards with great Fury, so that many of them were laid dead on the Ground, though, in the Defence of their King, they fought valiantly.

Parisinus and Parismenos.

vallantly, and wounded the most resolute of their Enemies: The King in Person there did Wonders, and, by his Example, encouraged his Men to maintain the Fight against great Odds: But all had been to no purpose, they having already seized the Princess; whom, with piteous Cries, they were dragging to their Charriot, standing at a distance from the Fight, if Providence had not sent *Parisinus* fortunately to their Aid: He intended not to follow the Court till the next Morning, as having weighty Affairs to transact; but something, upon the departure of his Princess, so troubled his Mind with unusual Disquiet, that he seem'd compell'd to do it; yielding to this Impulse, arming and mounting his Horse, attended with one Servant, he took the same Road, and at the Edge of the Forrest, to his great Amazement, he saw a Man all bloody, galloping towards him, who within twenty Paces of him fell from his Horse.

Whereupon the generous Prince immediately rid up to give him some Assistance in that his Extremity; but scarce had he spoken to him, but the Wounded, casting up his Eyes, with a faint Voice, cryed, *Ah! Sir, lose no time here about me, for I am but a dead Man: But, if you are brave and noble minded, make haste to succour the King, who is yonder like to be murder'd.* The Prince

24 The Famous History of
Prince had no sooner heard these Words,
but, leaving the Man to the Care of his
Servant, he rid full speed, animated by a
Courage inexpressible, and soon, by the
piteous Cries that invaded his Ears, was
directed to the place where the King and
his Followers, who surrounded him, made
some faint Resistance: He had no sooner
cast his Eyes on the Combatants, when,
knowing the Party he ought to succour, he
fell in among those Enemies with such Fu-
ry as can be compar'd to nothing less than
Thunder, violently breaking through the
thick opposing Clouds; there was not one
Blow he gave but proved mortal, and he
soon made them pay their Lives for their
Treachery; so that those before vanquish-
ed, gathering Courage from his Heroick
Example, but a very few of them escap-
ed dying at his Feet. Having now a lit-
tle time to take Breath, the King look-
ing about, and missing the fair Princess,
whom, by this time they had dragged out
of Sight, with up-lifted Hands, and a be-
seeching Action, cryed out, *O most valiant
Man, you have done nothing yet for the Repose
of my Life, unless you rescue Laurana from the
Hands of the Ravishers.* He needed to say
no more, for the Prince being shewed the
Way they had carried her, inspired with
Love, and Desire of Revenge, flew after
them like Lightning, and by the Cries of

the fair Princess, soon came to the Place, where, amongst a Tuft of Trees, six Men were forcing her into the Charriot: The first Blow he gave, struck off the Arms of him who had stretched them out to receive her; and all over bloody, dyed in the Slaughter of his Enemies, he brought such Terror on the rest, that the Sight of him froze their Courage, and made them as it were incapable of Resistance, so he soon laid four of them dead at his Feet, the other two seeing it, unbanded the Princess, and fled for their Lives into the thickest of the Forrest.

The Princess, at the Sight of the dreadful Combate, and the Fright the Russians had put her into, was by this time fallen into a Swoond, which much troubled our Prince after his Victory: But the King, Queen, and others, hastening thither, such Means were used, that she soon recovered; and no sooner opened her Eyes, but seeing who was her Deliverer, she inwardly rejoiced, though, through Modesty, a lovely Blush spread her beautiful Face. The King embraced him with much Tenderness, and the Queen paid him infinite Thanks, acknowledging their being indebted to him for their Lives and Honour; they laid their Commands on *Laurana* to make the like Acknowledgment, which she did so modestly, that her Passion, which,

in a more retired Place, would have broke
out into more obliging Terms, was not
discovered.

Upon this fatal Accident, they conclu-
ded to return to the City, as the best Re-
treat; where *Parisinus* was received with
Triumph, the King commanding he should
be honoured next himself, for the good
Service he had done him, which he avow-
ed every-where; but this raised more the
Envy of the now frustrated, implacable,
and revengeful *Sicanus*, making him again
resolve upon the speedy Destruction of the
Valiant *Parisinus*, as will more fully appear
in the following Chapter.

CHAP. X

dearable) Ambassadors, and speak a little of the Malice and Treason of *Sicamus*, who, the same Evening, calling to him three Tartarians of his Vassalage, after a great Injunction of Secrecy, and Promise of Reward, engaged them to Murther *Parismus*, at a time they should find most convenient, which he doubted not to bring to pass in few Days. All things being agreed upon, *Sicamus* betook himself to Rest; and poor *Parismus*, having by this time taken his unwelcome Leave of *Laurana*, repair'd likewise to his Chamber; where, having taken Rest proportionable to the Comfort he had received from the Princess, he was ready, with the Earliest next Morning, to go a-Hawking, it being a Match of *Sicamus's* making, on purpose to draw him into the Field: But the Morning proving somewhat hazy, and unfit for that kind of Exercise, most of the Company would have put off the Match till another Day; but so importunate was *Sicamus*, that in Compliance to his Humour, they must go, tho' many of them (especially *Parismus*) much against their Wills: They had but little Pastime all the Morning, till at last springing an Eye of Pheasants in a large Champaign, they flew a Cast of Goshawks, one of which immediately took a young Pult at the Pounce, the other undertaking the old Hen, flew her into a large Wood, at

at a great distance, under the Wood; this none observed but *Parisinus*, who rode upon speed, and was followed by the Tartarians; who, taking that Opportunity, unarm'd as he was, and dismounted in the thickest of the Wood, fell upon him, and gave him many Wounds, one of which, in Humane Reason, had been enough to have destroyed the stoutest Heart breathing; at last, concluding him fully dead, they buried him with Leaves and Moss, and return'd unsuspected to the Company.

Their Sport being now past the best, and even then not good, the King began to invite them homewards; and missing *Parisinus*, wondred where he might be; but all concluding he might be driven to the Court by Strefs of Weather, for the present they made no further Search: Nevertheless, *Orissus*'s Heart misgave him, lest some Mischance might have befallen him, so that coming to the Palace, and not hearing the least News of him, he would not stay to dine; but, with the rest of the Bohemian Knights, immediately posted every Way in Quest of their Lord and Master; insomuch that the whole City of *Thebes* rung of the Absence of *Parisinus*: Night came, and *Orissus*, with the other Knights, return'd, but no News of *Parisinus*; whereupon, after three Days Search, finding his Horse loose upon the
Plains

Plans of *Parisius*; they all give him over
for lost. How dreadfully this News found-
ed in the Ears of the tender-hearted Prin-
cess, let any Reader judge who hath but
read of the Vertues of *Laurana*, and the
Merits of *Parisius*: *Alas* Leda, said she,
never to love but once, and to be thus cross'd,
and that so soon; unhappy *Laurana*. More
she said to the same Purpose, that is, to
none at all; for *Parisius* was neither to
be recall'd by the Complaints of his *Laurana*,
nor the Endeavours of *Orissus*; so that
instead of Mirth and Jollity, nothing but
Grief and Melancholy now filled the The-
salian Court.

Sicanus, the bloody Author of all this
Mistake; dissembled as much Grief for the
Loss of *Parisius* as any of the rest; and,
having rewarded the barbarous Tartarians
with a thousand Crowns, he began to think
himself as secure from Discovery, as he
was free from Suspicion; but so it happen-
ed, that the Villains, disagreeing about
dividing the Money, one of them struck
the other so mortal a Stroke, that in a short
time he died thereof; but upon his Death-
bed, confessed to *Orissus* the Manner of
Parisius's End; as also, that himself, with
two others, were hired by *Sicanus* to that
Purpose. *Orissus* repaired immediately to
Sicanus; and, in Presence of the King,
taxed him with his Treachery; to which,

ha-

having little to say, he immediately drew
a Dagger, and had like to have slain his
just Accuser. Whereupon there grew a
Tumult betwixt the Persian and Bohemian
Knights, which *Dionysius* himself had much
ado to appease. At last, *Sicinius*, betwixt
Fear and Shame, having lost three of his
Followers in the Skirmish, quitted the
Court, and fled into his own Country, re-
solving to return with Power and demand
the Lady, he had not Rhetorick enough to
perswade.

Whereupon *Dionysius*, putting all things
together, and considering how slender an
Account he should be able to give the King
of *Bohemia*, for the Murder of *Parisius*, in
suffering the Author thereof to escape out
of his Court; took upon him the Habit of
a Pilgrim, and fled disguised into *Bohemia*,
to find in what manner the King resented
the Death of his Son. Hence began new
Troubles in the Court of *Thebes*; for, mis-
sing the King at Dinner, *Olivia* sent Mes-
sengers every way to seek him; who ma-
ny times met him, but could never find
him, for they enquired for him even of
himself. *Dionysius*, after some Days, arri-
ving in *Bohemia*, took a poor Lodging near
the Court, whither he daily resorted, and
heard sad Complaints for the Loss of *Pa-
risius*, but still with Respect to the Court
of *Thebes*, and the Hospitality of *Dionysius*.
But

But after some Days, being mistrusted by his Landlord, for some greater Person than he appeared, he thought fit to acquaint the Secretary of State therewith; who, imagining he might be some Spy, caused him to be brought before the King his Master. Whereupon, desiring Audience in private, he was forced to unbolome himself to his Majesty, declaring his great Sorrow for the Death of *Parisinus*, and desiring his Majesty's gracious Assistance in revenging so horrid a Murder upon *Sicannus*, the Author thereof.

The King of *Bohemia*, having recovered himself out of the Surprise he was in at the first, embraced his Thessalian Majesty, and solemnly promised him his utmost Aid and Assistance against the Persians; whereupon he was prevailed with to stay in *Bohemia* certain Days.

C H A P.

Sicannus invade Thessaly: The Kings of Bo-
 hemia and Hungary come to relieve it.
 The wonderful Exploits of the Black Knight.
 The Fortune of the War refer'd to a Cam-
 bat: which the Black Knight, by Letter,
 promises to undertake, on the Behalf of Lau-
 tana.



Sicannus being returned into Persia, com-
 plain'd of divers Injuries and Affronts
 offer'd him in the Court of Dionysius,
 whence he hardly escaped with the Loss of
 three of his Attendants; whereupon he
 desired the King his Father to levy Forces,
 and to go against Dionysius, to revenge the
 Wrong he had done him. The King, gi-
 ving Credit to Sicannus, and jealous of the
 Honour of Persia, called to him the Aid of
 divers Tributary Monarchs, and raised a
 mighty

mighty Army, consisting of near two hundred thousand Men, which he soon supp'd in a vast Navy, and landed upon the Coſines of *Thessaly*.

News thereof being speedily brought to the Queen, by a poor Fiſher-man that was abroad at Sea, ſhe was in ſad Diſtreſs, and committed the Care of her Kingdom, during the Abſence of *Dionysius*, to the Lord *Rome*, who, with the Town, and County-Troops, made what haſte he could to reſiſt them, and ſo ordered the matter, that, eſt they could, and ſuſtain the Siege, he had ſam ſome ſmall ſucces, and ſo they. This Succes ſoon ſet him on fire, he ſaw a greater Victory, and he ſaw it, he durſt not give them Battle, but made an honourable Retreat to ſave the City, while the Perſians encamp'd in the Plains of *Thessaly*, the next Day they approach'd and beſieged the City of *Thesſe* on every ſide, laying cloſe Siege thereto, and reſolved, either by Famine or Storm, to force them to a Surrender.

Oliva, *Laurana*, and all the reſt, with ſwolln Eyes and a heavy Heart, beholding the Murderer of *Parisius*, and the Author of *Dionysius*'s Abſence, as it were in Triumph before the Walls, were uttering ſad Complaints of their moſt miſerable Eſtate; when, behold a Knight in Black Armour (whom) therefore they termed the Black Knight)

Knight) came out in full Carier, and waving his Sword thrice over his Head, dared the whole Army of *Persia* to single Combat; wherein he was successful, ev'n to Admiration: For, after a gallant Overthrow of two *Persians*, Horses and all, he was the third time encountred by one *Bruster*, a huge proportioned Man, and the Champion of *Persia*, who met the Black Knight with such Violence, that they flurried their Launces, and forced him to quit one of his Stirrups, while *Bruster* himself was beaten back upon his Horse's Crupper: No sooner had they recovered their Seats, but both drew their Swords, and began a very fierce Combat: which, after a sharp Dispute, ended in Conquest on the Black Knight's side; for *Bruster*, having lost the Use of his Sword-arm, turned Tail, and fled towards the Camp: which so amazed *Sicanus*, and all the *Persians*, that they esteemed the Black Knight to be rather a Devil than a Man, seeing that after three such dangerous Combats, he stood unmovable, brandishing his Sword, and bidding Defiance to *Persia*.

On the other side, the Queen and Princess seeing what Wonders he had done in their Behalf, not knowing of whence he was, sent a Page to invite him into the City; but he returning his Duty and Service, especially to the Princess, courte-

ously refused their Invitations, for Reason he might possibly live to declare by Word of Mouth. This Message being return'd their Wonder encreas'd who this Black Knight should be; but Guesling, could no way add to their Satisfaction, since none could resolve them, tho' they should happen to guess the right.

The next Day there was News of the Arrival of the King of *Bohemia*, King of *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*; who, Being severally incens'd with the Baseness of *Sicanus's* Treachery, came with fresh Supplies to the Succour of *Thebes*; whereupon, both the Persians and the Thessalians foreseeing great Slaughter like to ensue they drew up their several Armies in Battalia, and came to a Parley, the Event of which was, To decide the Controversie by Combat of three Knights of either Side upon Condition, that if the Persian Knight overcame, then was *Dionysius* to deliver up his fair Daughter in Marriage to *Sicanus*, and himself become Tributary to the Persian Monarchy; but if the Thessalian Knights got the better, then were the Persians immediately to quit the Siege, and *Sicanus*, upon his Honour, to declare what he knew concerning the Death of *Parisius*. These Articles drawn up and agreed to on both Sides, there were twenty Days allowed for preparing every thing in Read-

himself against the Day of Combat, and in
the mean time a Truce made, that no Acts
of Hostility might be offered, but such as
were voluntary.

During this Interval, several Feats of
Arms were performed daily at Tilts and
Tournaments, between the two Armies,
which afforded Pastime to the Ladies of
the Court, who took great Delight in be-
holding the Activity and Success of the
Black Knight. But, at last, it so happen-
ed, that one Pollipus of the Persian Army,
riding up to the Black Knight, and couch-
ing his Lance, gave him fair Warning to
receive him; which, contrary to Every-
body's Expectation, he refused to do, but
turned his Horse Head short about; Polli-
pus wondring at his Refusal, resolved to
know the Cause; but, because he would
not be seen to commune with an Enemy
in private, he watch'd his Opportunity till
the Evening, at which time, seeing him
riding out of the Field, he made up to
him, and desired to know the Reason he
refused him the same Pastime he had vouch-
safed other Knights? *Because* (said he) *you*
wear the Armour of Pollipus of Phrygia, my
trusty Friend. That Pollipus, said he, *am*
I, who only beg to know, how I come to deserve
so honourable a Title? And who you are that
vouchsafe it me? For that, said the Black
Knight, it may be time enough anon; in the

mean time, if you please to vouchsafe unto the
my poor Quarters, perhaps I may communicate
to you something worth your Knowledge, tho
can entertain you with nothing worth your Ac-
ceptance. Of which Invitation *Pellius* wil-
lingly accepted, partly to be satisfied who
it might be, but chiefly for the Honour he
bore him, and the Delight he took in his
Company.

In the mean time the Theban Court rung
with Joy for the Return of *Dionysius*, who
by this time was return'd with the Kings of
Bohemia, *Hungary*, and Prince of *Spain*,
whom he there entertain'd most friendli-
ly, consulting with them about erecting
Scaffolds, and making other Preparations
against the Day of Combat. And while
they were proposing Lord *Remus*, *Orissus*,
and others, for the Combatants, a comely
Virgin, named *Dina*, arriv'd at the Court,
richly attired like a Forrest-Nymph, and
bearing in her right Hand an Escutcheon,
whereon was the lively Portraiture of a dy-
ing Knight, wounded by Slaves, and bu-
ried in a Wood. Being admitted into the
Presence, she humbly did her Obeysance,
and said she had a Message to deliver to
the Princes. *Eurania* being readily call'd,
she was presented with the Escutcheon,
upon which were very curiously engraven
these Verses:

Since Victory on Virtue still attends;
Doubt not, fair Princess, of successful Friends;
To a strange Knight, Revenge of Right belongs;
As well for yours, as your Parismus's Wrongs;
Sent by the God of Love to end the Strife,
And raise the dead Parismus unto Life.

Having again and again perus'd these my-
tical Lines, she knew not what Construc-
tion to put upon them, or what Answer
readily to return: But seeing so generous
and noble an Offer, she could, in Civility,
do no less than accept him for her Cham-
pion, tho' he promised such impossibilities.
Therefore, desiring the fair Messenger to
return the Knight, unknown, her humble
Thanks for the Tender of his Service, she
dismiss'd her, with a rich Scarf, to be pre-
sented to the Knight, and a costly Jew-
el for herself. Dina being gone, left the
Court full of Joy for the News she brought,
and of Wonder, who this Knight should
be that had so nobly undertaken the Prin-
cess's Quarrel: However, in Honour, they
chose to watch whither she went, but re-
solved, with Patience, to expect the Issue.

The time appointed being come, and as well the Person as Theatricals Now, was being seated upon several Scaffold, in equal Expectation of Success, the Knights of Pythia entered the Lists, the first of whom was the valiant *Zauber*, armed all in Red, and mounted upon a *Schwarz* horse, then the two valiant Brothers of *Brandor* and *Ramon*, who were armed in *krumhant's* manner, and mounted upon

Several times they
went about the Lists, and wondred to see
any at hand; whereupon the Per-
sians gave a mighty Shout, which
surprised the Thessalians, they knew not
what to say, but began to think the Mes-
sage brought by *Dionysius* to have been a Trick
put upon them by the Enemy. At last,
after near an Hour's Expectation, they be-
held three Knights in silver'd Armour
coming towards them upon a Hand-gallop,
who soon entered the Lists, and declared
for the Thessalians. Their Apparel and
Plumes were all White, their Staves, Ca-
parisons and Furniture all alike; without
the least Distinction, save that one of them
had on the Scarf the Princess *Laurana* sent
him, and was therefore called the Princess's
Champion.

Dionysius, on the one hand, descending
from his Chair of State, gave them Thanks
for their Readiness to engage in his Quar-
rel, and promised great Rewards, if it so
pleased the Gods to grant them Victory.
The Knight with the Scarf, on the other
hand, declaring the great Delight he took
in so honourable a Cause, vowed, That
could he be so fortunate to serve the Prin-
cess *Laurana*, the Honour gained thereby
would be a greater Reward than the
Crown of Thorns; these Ceremonies being
ended, and his Majesty again seated, the

Trumpets sounded a Charge, and the Combat began. The Knight with the Scarf encountred *Zorlus*; *Pollipus*, *Brandor*, and the Onslaw, *Ramon*; amongst whom was shew'd as much Courage and Agility as could be expected, their Spears being all shiver'd at the first On-set, they presently drew, and dealt about such fierce and fatal Blows, that in a short time the Onslaw was dead from his Horse, whereat the Persians began a great Shout, which they had so sooner ended, but *Ramon*, coming to the Assistance of *Zorlus*, had the Misfortune to be run clean through the Throat, and died immediatel; but *Pollipus* and *Brandor* fought a long time upon equal Terms; but the Knight with the Scarf had much the Advantage of *Zorlus*, who summoning all his Strength, at last smote him with such Fury, that he fell from his Horse; whereupon the Assembly gave so great a Shout, that the Earth seem'd to quake, for there being two of the Thessalians left to one of the Persians, the Victory was adjudged to the Thessalians.

Hereupon the King of *Persia*, according to Agreement, commanded his Army immediately to withdraw, and *Siramus*, upon his Honour, to declare the Truth of *Perissus*, according to the best of his Knowledge. Who thereupon reply'd, By the Reverence I owe to my Lord and Father I will

the rest of this honourable Assembly, I denounce
him for a Villain and a Traynor; that does accuse
me for the Murder of Parilinus; for by all the
Powers of Heaven, I know nothing thereof nor
have been any way accessory thereto. In like
Reverence to this honourable Assembly, said the
Knight in the Scarf, I return that Villain and
Traynor upon thy self; for that thou didst hire
three Parturians to murder him, who, as he was
a Hawking, set upon him in a Wood, and in a
baron manner ran him in several places through
the Body, of which I my self am Witness, and
found him in that deplorable Condition; in
which I stand ready to justify, and therefore,
as thou art a Knight and Honourable Person, show
thy Innocence by thy Courage. Siccius en-
gaged hereat, seemingly accepted of the
Challenge, and withdrew to prepare him-
self. In the mean time the Thessalian Nu-
bles, especially the Prince of Laurus, con-
sidering the Wounds he had received, in-
treated him not to engage in a second
Combat. To whom he reply'd, Madam,
if it be your Highness's Pleasure, that the Wounds
of Parilinus shall go unrevenged, I must un-
doubtedly submit; but I know, Madam, you are more
generous, and therefore must beg your pardon.
Whereupon, giving him, as it were, Con-
sent against her Will, Siccius (as was sup-
posed) entered the Lists, whom the wounded
Knight at the first Onset unhors'd, having
broken two of his Ribs, and the Company

The Famous Villainy of

unlacing his Helmet to give him breath, rish
found that it was not really *Sicarus*, but a wo
person he had hired in his stead, which the
so ill resented by the whole Assembly, And
that they all concluded him Guilty, and his
the King of *Pes* disowned him for his law
Son, so that betwixt Grief and Shame in a ed I
short time after he died.

But the Victors, being carried in great aff
triumph through the City, and presented T
with many rich Gifts, at last arrived at that
the Court, where, being received with all Eye
imaginable Honour and Acclamations, they rela
were set down in Chairs of State, the ver
chiefest of the King's Physicians being sent out,
to dress their Wounds. Coming to wo
take off the Knight in the Scarf's Armour, hav
it was found to be cas'd over artificially and
with Silver, and under it black Armour, so he
that then he was discovered to be the Black
Knight, whom they thought to have been whi
head of his Wounds in the Combat with was
order. Whereupon *Dionys* embracing ord
himself, left the uncasing of him to the com
King of *Pes*, as the greatest Honour, the
which the Black Knight would by no
means suffer, but humbly kneeling, desired
his Majesty to grant him one Favour, which
being consented to, he intreated his graci
ous Pardon for the Murders of *Pers* and *Ang*
But being askt, why he should make so un
reasonable a Demand; *Besides*, said he, *Pes*
rillau

Parisinus is yet in good Health. Upon which words he immediately discover'd himself, to the Joy and Wonder of all there present. And then he at large related the Story of his miraculous Preservation by certain Outlaws, who accidentally finding his wounded Body in the Wood, they carefully convey'd him to their Cave, and chole him (after his Recovery) for their General.

This Story seem'd at first so incredible, that they hardly durst give credit to their Eyes, but every circumstance being fully related and consider'd, they were all as it were swallow'd up with Wonder for a time; but, at last, Joy prevail'd, and the King would have sent for *Laurana* once more to have welcomed the same Person, though under a different Character; but *Parisinus*, to be more to surprise the Princess, desired he might be the Messenger himself; to which the King easily consented, and he was conducted to her Apartment; accordingly *Parisinus*, with the Lord *Remus*, coming to the Princess's Lodgings, found the Door fast, and imagining she might be private, stood still a while, for fear of giving her a Disturbance; but, after a very short pause, they heard her tune up her voice, beginning in a solemn Air, and most Angelical Voice, the following Song:

Kind Knight, I know thy Promise was in vain,
To bring Parismus back to Life again;
And yet how much is to thy Courage due,
Who nobly didst his Murderer subdue?
For 'tis a part of Happiness to be
Deliver'd from Misfortunes we foresee,
All, but my Heart, I give as a Reward:
No Knight so mean a Present would regard;
It bleeds, it pants, so shattered is and torn,
It merits not Acceptance now, but Scorn;
Yet poor Parismus shall this Present have,
Which I shall shortly carry to his Grave.

So Passionate were her Words, and so
Divine her Voice, that Parismus could
contain himself no longer, but roundly
knock'd at the Door, which Leda having
opened, he entred with the Lord Remus.
Leda shriek'd, and the Princess fell in a
Trance, absolutely imagining she had seen
the Ghost of Parismus. But, after a long
time, Lord Remus had much ado to bring
her to her self, and to perswade her to the
truth of what she saw. Twenty times he
examin'd her Senses, to know if she were
awake; and at last being fully convince
by a touch of his warm Lips, that she wa
really and indeed the living Parismus. It
impossible to say which was greatest, he
Joy, or her Wonder. So that after a
hour's Contemplation of each other's Hap

piness, the Princess, in pity to his Wounds, conducted him into the Presence-chamber, and there openly declar'd her Affection to him, desiring the Care of him might be committed to her Charge, till he was perfectly recovered. This she did in so gallant and generous a manner, that none could tax her with the least Immodesty for so doing. Infomuch that *Dionysius* readily granted her Request, and promised to consummate her Happiness in Nuptial-bonds, as soon as the Prince should be recovered of his Wounds, which was not long after.



And now the Marriage of these two illustrious Persons being solemnized with a Magnificence becoming their Rank, and the State of the Kingdom.

The Famous History of

C H A P. VII.

The Marriage of Parismus and Laurana, long going towards Bohemia, be, by Treachery, left with Pollipus and Violetta (disguis'd as a Page) in the Desolate Island: she is carried by the Tyrant Andramart to the Island of Rocks, where, in great Affliction, she is delivered of Parismenos, whom they threaten to murder, if she would not submit to the Tyrant's Lust; but is preserved by his Nurse. The Enchantment of the Desolate Island dissolv'd, &c.



And now the Marriage of these two Illustrious Persons being solemnized with a Magnificence becomming the Bounty of *Diaryfius*, and the Merit of that Royal Pair;

they spent some days in the Court of *Dionysius*, with unexpressible Satisfaction, esteeming each others Happiness beyond the reach, even of the most adverse Fortune. But, alas, the best of Men, and greatest of Princes, are equally (and perhaps more subject) to the frowns of adverse Fate, than the meanest Peasant: For by this time the King of *Bohemia's* Affairs requiring his return into his own Country, it was requisite that *Parisius* and his Princess should attend him; whereupon great preparation, and sorrow, being made for their Departure, at the time prefixed, they took a sad and solemn leave of the Court of *Thebes*; *Dionysius*, with all his Nobles attended them to the Frontiers of his Dominions, and returned with grief for the loss of such Royal Company.

But it must not be forgotten, that *Polipus*, who resolved to accompany *Parisius* into *Bohemia*, during his residence in *Thebes*, chanced to be enamoured of a Merchant's only Daughtery named *Violetta*; but the want of a private Kindness he bore to the Prince, notwithstanding his Marriage, and the Impossibility of enjoying him, resolved to seek her Fortune with him in *Bohemia*; to which end, attiring herself in the Habit of a Page, she came to Court, and soon got admittance into the Prince's Service, so that in short time they got to the Port, and soon set sail for *Bohemia*: but the vessel

being small Vatchts or Pleasure-boats, and
 their Attendance numerous, it was thought
 fit that *Parisinus*, *Laurana*, *Pollipus*, *Adon* and
Violetta (now called *Adonius*) should go in
 one Vatcht, and the King of *Bohemia*, with
 his Attendants, in another: long they had
 not sailed, but so fierce a Tempest arose
 that the Ships soon lost one another, and
 the Princes Marriners being strongly driven
 to the Leeward, and in danger of Strand-
 ing, cut their Shrowds, and took off their
 Masts by the Board; but the King's Ship
 whether from the skill of the Seamen, or
 ability of the Vessel, stood away to the
 Windward, and tho' with some difficul-
 ty, made the Coast of *Bohemia*. *Parisinus*
 and *Laurana* bring a Comfort to each other
 in their Distress, began to think all Dan-
 ger blown over with the Tempest, but
 were soon deceiv'd by the approach of cer-
 tain Pyrates, who soon boarded them un-
 der the assurance of Conquest, but by the
 irresistible Power of *Parisinus*, *Pollipus*, and
 the rest, they met with so sharp a Repulse
 that they were soon brought in Subjection,
 many of them being slain, and the rest
 clapt under the Hatches; wherefore, by
 advice of the Seamen, it was decreed to
 take out such Goods as were of value, and
 with them to go aboard the Pyrate's Ship,
 this being done with equal Courage and
 Success, *Parisinus* ordred some of his Men to

and go ashore, and take in a little fresh Water, for fear of the worst; which accordingly they did, himself, *Pollipus* and *Adonius* accompanying them, a little to refresh themselves upon that pleasant Shore: No sooner had the Pyrates notice of this Advantage, but presently they broke up the Hatches, and surprizing and securing the Seamen *Parisimus* had left aboard, and sinking the Prince's Yacht, to prevent Pursuit, set their sail for the *Island of Rocks*, to which they belong'd: *Parisimus*, with the rest ashore, seeing this Disaster, would have done any thing to stop them in their flight; but, being sensible that doing Violence to himself was not a means of offering any to the others, with great Wisdom (I cannot say Dan much Patience) he attended the Vessel with his Eye, while she was within ken, and afterwards with Prayers for the safety of *Antiana*, who, poor Lady, was all this while insensible of her Misfortune, and only wonder'd at the tedious Absence of her Lord; *Parisimus*, *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, seeing this Distress, knew not what course to take, and therefore resolv'd to stay ashore, to behold the next Vessel, while the Mariners, espying a Smoak, made that way in hopes of Succour: But the Prince having spent the remaining part of the Day in a thousand Complaints of his own Inadvertency, blaming Fortune for Faults himself

was guilty of, and himself for such as it was too late to repent of; at last, in the close of the Evening, an aged Man, in mean Attire, came up, and courteously saluted him with his Associates, and began as follows: *Gentlemen, I perceive you are Strangers, brought hither by stress of Weather, otherwise you would never have landed upon so dangerous a Coast.*

Truly Father, said Parismus, you guess aright; but wherein, I pray, lies the danger of the Coast?

Gentlemen, said he, if you will vouchsafe to accept a poor Lodging in a Hermit's Cell, I will acquaint you with the Story more at large, where, in mean safety, you may pass away the Night, which else on this Shore may be hazardous. To this they thankfully consented and departed with the Hermit.

The poor Princess all this while knew not of her being a Prisoner, till she came to land at the *Island of Rocks*, where, finding her self in a strange Place, without the Comfort of her Lord, she began grievously to afflict her self; but *Andramart*, great Tyrant, and Governour of that Island, having notice of that beautiful Princess, came and courteously invited her into his Castle, and there us'd her in most obliging manner, hoping thereby to gain her to his lustful Will, but finding fair Means ineffectual, he sent his Sister *Adamesia*, who

it reproaching her in most ignominious sort, torturing her with knotty Whips, and not allowing her, or her Maid *Leda*, Necessaries for Life, in such sort that she had well-nigh perished: Nevertheless the virtuous Princess stood unmov'd, and would never submit to *Andramari's* Lust: Thus for many Months she lived, till at her time it pleased the Goddess *Lucina* to deliver her of a Son, whom she named *Parismenus*, and put it out to Nurse. Then came the cruel *Adamasia*, and vow'd, that unless she would yield to *Andramari's* Love, she would murder the Infant before her face. Nevertheless, she committed her Vertue to the Care of Heaven, and utterly refused to give her consent. The Nurse hearing thereof, and having a tender Love for so sweet a Babe, fled with it into the Wilderness, and there preserved it many Years.

Return we now to *Parisminus*, who by this time had understood that Place to be called the *Desolate Island*, of which the said Hermit was once King, but was supplanted by *Bellona*, a Sorceress, and driven to live in that mean Estate: So, having given an Account at large, he desired them to accept of his hard Bed to refresh themselves for that Night; which for a time, in Civility, they refused, but, with much Importunity, at last accepted of. The Climate and

Season being somewhat cold, they put *Adonis* in the middle, who, poor Heart! with a trembling kind of Joy lay all Night between her beloved *Parisus* and her loving *Pollipus*, that little imagin'd who they had to their Bed-fellow. So mean was their Lodging, and so great their Grief, that *Parisus* spent most of the Night in sad Complaints for the Absence of his *Laurana*, and *Pollipus* for the Unkindness of his *Kiolett*; but, the Morning approaching, they all arose, and, by direction of the Hermit, went towards the Castle, notwithstanding his earnest Intreaties to the contrary. Having view'd the Castle, stoutly situated upon a high Rock, they heard the ringing of a small Bell, and in short time espied six Knights in bright Armour, ferrying over the Mead: *Parisus* with *Pollipus* knowing they should be assaulted, received it at their landing, and that with such Majesty and Success, that some fell back into the Water and were drown'd, others lay dead upon the Spot, and the rest submitted themselves. This News being carried into the Castle, *Bellona* her self came out to meet them with a smiling and pleasant Countenance, whom *Parisus* took to be some beautiful Prisoner of the Castle, but as he courteously address'd himself to her, she had that Power with her Enchantment, to cause a deep Sleep to come upon them.

them all, and commanded forthwith, that they should be carried Prisoners into the Castle. When their Senses were again restored, they were strangely surprized to find themselves fast shut in a Dungeon, and loaded with heavy Irons, having no other comfort left them but their Prayers to Heaven, and Complaints to one another. Here they continued many Months under as much Hardship as the Cruelty of a Tyrant could inflict; for *Drubal*, Paramour to *Bellona*, often sent for them before him, causing them to be tortur'd in divers manners, and taking delight in their Afflictions. But the Enchantress, seeing the Resolution of *Parifmus*, and the Comeliness of his Person, began to entertain lustful Thoughts for him, which she resolved to satiate, though with the loss of her Life. So that giving *Drubal* a Stupefactive Potion, she address'd her self in obliging manner to *Parifmus*, causing his Fetters to be taken off, and desiring him to walk with her in the Garden: *Parifmus*, wondring at this strange Alteration, resolv'd to see the Event thereof, and, being come into a pleasant WilderNESS, he soon apprehended her lustful Inclinations, and yielding a seeming Compliance therewith, he at last took his opportunity, and seizing her by the Hair of the Head, twist'd her Neck in such sort, that he set her Face behind, whereof she immediately died.

This

54
This being done, a strange Tempest of Thunder and Lightning arose, which made the very Earth to tremble, and, the Enchantment being broke, there appeared a mighty Smoke about the Castle, which immediately vanished, and left them, as it were, in plain Ground. After this, the Place seem'd fill'd with Fiends and damned Spirits, who in hideous sort began to torture *Drupal*, with his Servants and Officers, insomuch, that for a time there was nothing to be heard but the Groans and Yells of damned Souls; enough to have terrified the hardiest Knight upon the Earth. Nevertheless, *Parismus*, with an immoveable Courage, returned to find out *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, whose Fetters were suddenly fallen off, and they, in a strange Amazement, looking about them; but, seeing *Parismus* in safety, they congratulated each others happy Deliverance, and returned their Thanks to Heaven, that had so miraculously wrought the same. The rest of the Prisoners likewise, understanding that they owed their Deliverance to *Parismus*, came in most courteous manner and returned him their humble Thanks; among whom was the Wife and Children of *Antiochus*, the Hermit, who were by this means restored to their Kingdom, which ever after they quietly enjoyed, rendring the same commodious for Ships, and hospitable for Strangers.

ers, which for some Years had been ruined and desolate, and avoided by Mankind as Ominous and Unfortunate.

Antiochus, in gratitude to these worthy Knights, entertained them for some time courteously in his Palace, and, at their request, hung out a Flag of Truce to invite Ships into that Port; *Parisinus* hoping by that means to find an opportunity of going in Pursuit of his *Laurana*. At last a Vessel of *Hungary*, under the Conduct of *Bazillus*, put ashore, and, at the request of *Parisinus*, with a Promise of great Reward, stay'd there for some Days, till he had prepared all things in readiness for the Voyage, and in solemn manner taken leave of that Court.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.
*Parisius arrives at the Island of Rocks, kills
 the Andramart, and with his Laurana, joyfully
 arrives in Bohemia; with other Matters,
 &c.*



THEY had not sailed many Leagues to the Northward, but near the same Place where they were first attacked, they were again boarded by the same Pyrates, whom likewise, after a fierce Engagement they once more subdued; but considering their former Treachery, *Parisius* thought good to put the greater part of them to the Sword; sparing only some few to give him an Account of the Princess, and conduct him to the Place where

where she was. Whereupon one of them giving him the Story at large, as has been before related, *Parisina* with *Pollipus* and *Adonis*, were overjoyed to hear of the Princess's Safety, and resolved to free her from her Imprisonment, or die in the Attempt: This Resolution the Gods seemed to favour, for coming to the Castle-gate, they found *Andramart* just alighted from Hounding, with some six Servants, whom, after a sharpe Dispute, *Parisius*, with the help of *Pollipus*, and *Barzillius*, slew and subdued, and taking the Keys from *Andramart*, who would trust none therewith in his Absence, they entred the Castle in Triumph, surprizing and slaying the Servants of *Andramart* at their pleasure.

And now the main Business was to find out the Princess *Laurana*, whom, after a tedious and diligent Search, they met with in a Room no way fitted to her Condition, but for its Solitariness: She was leaning her Head against the Bosom of *Leda*, with wringed Hands and blubber'd Eyes, uttering nothing but the sweet Name of her beloved *Parisius*. Much ado there was to make these two (once more happy Lovers) sensible of so blessed a Change; but at last, filled with the joyfull Apprehensions of each others Safety, they spent the Time in a most refined and spotless Enjoyment of each other. By this time *Parisius* had

ving understood the severe Usage *Laurana* met with, and the supposed Murder of *Parismenos*, he revenged himself by the severe Death of *Adamasia*, the Authoreſs thereof, and returned into the Kingdom of *Thessaly*; but with what Joy these long-absent Princes were received in the Thessalian Court, no Pen is able to Express, nor any Reader sufficiently able to comprehend; every one striving who should express the greatest Satisfaction for the Return of a Prince and Princess, whose Fame and Vertues were in all places loudly spoken of, with Honour, Praise, and the highest Commendations imaginable. King, *Dionysius*, with his Queen, welcomed them, with Musick, and costly Banquets, and proclaimed a General Rejoycing throughout all his Kingdom for ten Days, to speak the test of his Contentment, for the happy Arrival of this Princely Pair: None but the Father of *Violetta*, for the Absence of his dear Daughter, was sad in all that Country; yet he had not that cause to be so, but by Mistake, for she he thought absent was present, disguised in the Habit of a Page, under the Name of *Adonis*, and grieved to see him in that Sorrow, labouring to Comfort him, telling him he knew his Daughter would soon arrive at Court, for he had seen her in his Travels, and the Fame of those Festivals, she being at

Liberty and in Health, would no doubt soon bring her there; this a little dried up his aged Tears, though till a fitter time she resolv'd not to discover her self to him, or any other.

King *Dionysius*, now the excess of Joy being somewhat abated, had leisure to hear the Travels and strange Adventures of *Parisinus* and *Laurana*, which the noble Prince told him in order from his first Departure, till his happy Return, as has been related, recommending to him his Friend *Pollipus* as the most generous of all Knights; whom the King embraced and welcomed with such Tenderneſs, as if he had been his own Son, for which he returned him all humble Thanks; but his Mind was taken up with the ſuppoſed Loſs of his fair *Violetta*, in ſearch of whom he reſolv'd to Travel the World once more, that the Pleaſures of the Court, and the Carreſſes he met with there, had no great influence on him. Yet to this general Rejoycing came many Gallant Knights and Ladies; here the valiant *Tellemore* found his Siſter, in whoſe ſearch he had ſpent much Time, and run a thouſand Dangers and Hazards, which greatly rejoyced him.

Whiſt all theſe things happened, the Princeſs, *Laurana*, often retired and wept in Secret for the Loſs of her Infant, which

she had left in the *Island of Rocks*; and the *Parsons* laboured to Comfort her, yet nothing could prevail with her, to put the Idea of it out of her tender Heart: sometimes she wished she had died her self to have saved it, concluding it must be dead; at other times, she flatters her self, that the Protection of Innocents was the peculiar Care of Heaven. But at length, being brought to Bed of a fair Daughter, which she named *Laurinda*, her Sorrows began to lessen; and this Daughter growing up, was married to the King of *Hungary's* Son, named *Pollinello*, a valiant Knight, who undertook many strange Adventures before he obtained her Love, becoming famous in Arms, and performing many brave Exploits, as in the next Chapter will appear.

the King of Hungary, who had no great influence on him. Yet to this general Reputation came many Gallant Knights; and as he met with them, had no great success: here the valiant *William* found a Sister, in whose Search he had spent much Time, and run a thousand Dangers and Hazards, which greatly rejoy-

CHAPTER

Whilst all these things happened, the most famous of the world, which

CHAP. XX.

How Pollinello, Prince of Hungary, fell in Love with the fair Laurinda, the Daughter to Parilinus and Laufana; with a Relation of his noble Exploits and Victories: The Means he took to discover his Passion to her, which fortunately was brought to pass by his letting fall a Picture; their successful Love, and happy Marriage, &c.



I Have told you in the foregoing Chapter, that after the Loss of her Infant in the Isle of Rocks, Laufana was comforted in bringing forth a fair Daughter, whose Beauty exceeded that of her own; she was baptized with much Pomp, and named Laurinda; great Care was taken

her Education; and as she grew up, the Fame of her peerless Beauty spreading in many Courts, captivated divers Princes before they saw her; and amongst others, the brave *Pollinello*, Son to the King of *Hungary*, who, with a splendid Equipage, came to her Father's Court, and was highly welcomed for the Dignity of his House, as well as the Grace and Comeliness of his Person, to which above all were added, the Fame of his noble Achievements; he at the Head of Ten Thousand Men, had fought Fifty Thousand of his Father's Rebels, and, with his own Hand, killing the Ring-leaders, he thereby restored Peace to *Hungary*; and, after that, he much enlarged those Territories, into the Borders of *Silesia*, *Moravia*, *Croatia*, &c. and won such Victories over the *Turks*, as made his Name as famous, as that of the Great *Alunides*, from whom he was descended.

And this noble Prince, gaining many Advantages over his numerous Rivals, and those not inconsiderable, in the many Tilt and Tournaments, *Parisinus* made offer to entertain his noble Guest, he won immortal Honours, which made the beautiful *Lawinda*, who was usually a Spectator, cast her Eyes upon him, more than any other, before he had an opportunity to make his Affection known to her and

ther way, then by keeping his Eyes often
 fix'd on hers; sometimes fuffering a Sigh
 to efcape, when he was not fo watchful o-
 ver his Paffion, as he ufually was. One
 day the Princess walking in the Garden,
 the cool Allies, covered over from the
 heat, by arching Shades, with *Clarinda*
 her Maid, whom she moft confided in;
 as she turned on a Mofie-bank, over-
 growth with Vines, she perceived Prince
Collinfeffe, his Face fomewhat turned from
 her, and fhaded by the Boughs in a Slum-
 ber: The Maid feeing a little Ribband ly-
 ing by her, in a Scarlet-String, was curi-
 ous to ftep forward and take it up. But, O
 heavens! when the Princess, to whom she
 brought it, had caft her Eyes on it, and
 perceiving it was the Refemblance of her
 dear Self, her Blufhes covered her Face with
 a roffe Dye, and she was not able to fpeak
 for a long time, for the Confufion it put
 her in.

Ad During this Amazement of the Princess,
Collinfeffe turned a little, and after many
 deep Sighs, faid, *Ab! How long fhall I*
made off, and not be able to let her know it?
wonderful fair Eyes kill me, though with a
beautifull Pain. Ab! My dear Laurinda, how
many Torments do I undergo, whilst thou,
an innocent and Fair, art Ignorant of them?
Give me fuch Courage then, and prostrate at
my Feet of my adored Princess! I implore

The Famous Discourse of
her to be gracious! Whilst *Lavinia* hearken-
ed to this pitious Complaint, her Maid re-
tiring a little out of Respect, the Prince,
thoroughly awakened, turned his Eyes that
way, and casting them on the Face of his
fair Princess, who was about to retire in
some Confusion, he took her at first to be
his Guardian-Angel, dazzling with Bright-
ness: but, at length, perceiving it was the
real Beauty he adored, not doubting but
she had over-heard his Passion, resolved to
take this Opportunity to fall at her Feet
when, rising in a submissive manner, he
went towards the trembling Princess, who
had no power at that time to fly from him,
and, bending one Knee to the Ground,
he said, *Fairest of Creatures, pardon my bold
Intercession on your Prerogative; but the Overas-
surance that emboldens me to it, is of no less a Consequence
than the Life of this happy or miserable
Prince kneeling before you, his Destiny entirely
being in your Power.* The Princess was
amazed at this Declaration, that she was
not able to frame an Answer, but kept her
Eyes fixed on the Ground, which gave him
the free liberty to finish the Story of his
Passion, which he did in such moving Words
and Gestures, offering her his Sword to
free her self of a Life he tendered her,
it was any ways displeasing to her, that
the tender-hearted Lady, letting fall some
Tears, promised not to be insensible of his

Passion nor ingrateful to his Merits, but to do in all things what might become a vertuous Princess, intreating him to be satisfied with it. At this Reply he became so transported he could hardly contain his Joy from bursting into a thousand extravagant Expressions; but seeing many Ladies enter the Garden, the Princess retired to entertain them, and gave him an opportunity to get out unseen of them.

After this he had the favour to entertain her in her Chamber, many Letters passed between 'em; and, after he had signalized himself in a thousand gallant Actions for her Service, *Parisinus* and *Laurens* coming to the Knowledge of their Loves, and considering, by their own, the Passions of others, who had noble Souls like theirs, there was little Difficulty found in their Compliance; so that after some Crosses and Disappointments before they knew their Hearts were so nearly united and firmly linked in the Bonds of Love, they consented to the Marriage, and their Hands were joyned to their mutual Satisfaction in the Temple of *Hymen*, with great Magnificence, Pomp, and Solemnity, to the Joy of the whole Nation, who kept a Feast ten Days in Honour of the Wedding.

After this, they lived in great Splendour, and had a Son named *Peruissio*, of whose Fame you will hear in the Third Part of this History.

CHAP. IX.

How Frenetta, Daughter to King Antiochus, fell desperately in Love with Pollipus; and how, upon his Refusing her, and declaring his constant Love for Violetta, she, upon his departure, fell Distracted, and died Mad.



WHilst Pollipus lingred, attended by his supposed Adams, Frenetta, Daughter to King Antiochus, who had entertained him and Parisman so honourably in the Desolate Island, came in search of him to the Thessalian Court, as being extremely in Love, and finding him, he welcomed her to the Palace, with much Joy, Pleasure and many endearing Expressions, for the kind Offices she had done him, during his stay,

her Father's Court, and recommended her
to the Company of the Thessalian Ladies,
who entertained her with many Oblige-
ments. This Courtelle of Polixena, the Prin-
cess taking to protect from his Love and
Affection to her, fondly gave the reins to
her Passion, and indulged herself with Flat-
teries, of things she was never like to pos-
sess; yet finding he proceeded not to Court
her, as she expected, and her Fever of
Love encreasing, after a long while tor-
menting herself in mind, and not being able
to rule her Passion, she resolved, at the cost
of many Blushes, to break the Rule, which
the Modesty of some Virgins allow not, and
plainly tell him her mind: when one Day
meeting him in the Gallery with *Adonis*,
he came towards her, to salute her in his
usual manner, desiring to know whether she
was at liberty to bestow her Conversation
on him, to pass away a few solitary Hours;
on some Blushes and Excuses, she willing-
ly consented, and after some Discourse, a-
bout indifferent things, that had passed
between them, she drew him aside to a
shadow that look'd into a pleasant Gar-
den, and not being able to contain her self
longer she thus expressed her self:

Adonis Knight, excuse me, if, contrary to
the Rule, which ties them up to too much
modesty, I am constrained to reveal a Secret
to you, and is too modest for my Breast.

to contain. To be plain, I Love you with the truest Affection a willing Heart can entertain; and without like Returns of Love from you, I find must be for ever miserable. *Paris* was now a little startled at this unexpected Discourse, excusing himself as unworthy of so great a Favour, till finding she grew impatient of Denial, and that his Complement only added Fuel to her Flame, he thought it best to undeceive her, lest the Impression, he had made in her Heart, should grow too deep, and endanger to virtuous and innocent a Creature, who had deserved well at his hands; one who had refused Prince for his sake. But, as he was about to tell her of his Engagement to *Violetta*, *Paris* came in, interrupted it; so that the Princess, being thus prevented, in the suitable Answer she expected, went away blushing and in much Heaviness, leaving her beloved Knight in great Confusion, at this unexpected Adventure; which *Paris* perceiving, so earnestly pressed him, to know what laboured in his mind, that he told him all that had passed between him and the Princess *Eretna*. The Prince, hereupon, endeavoured to persuade him to Compliance with her Love, urging the Advantages he would gain in marrying a King's Daughter, with a Kingdom to her Dowry. One Wife and Beautiful, and not easily to be excelled in Rareness of Perfection.

Adonius, who had over-heard all this, was mightily troubled, thinking these Persuasions might alter his Love, in favour of that Princess, so that the Tears trickled down her Eyes; for this *Adonius*, as we have said, was that *Violetta*, in Disguise, that he had vowed eternal Constancy too: but when he heard his Reply, Joy over-flowed her Heart: For, said he, most Noble Prince, tho' indeed I can but compassionate this Royal Maid, who does me an Honour, of which I am not worthy, in gaining me her Love, but having vowed eternal Constancy to my dear *Violetta*, and whose true Affection I am confident of, though she be a King's Daughter, yet is she dearer to me than all the Princesses in the World, nor shall any Crown bribe me to break my Vows to her; but it may be my Absence, in search of her, may do this Princess a kindness in curing her of a Passion, which comes too late to be eased by me.

Parisinus, who had proceeded before to try his Constancy, applauded this virtuous Opinion of his; but *Violetta*, exceedingly rejoiced, as being now confirmed no Beauty, how much soever it might exceed her's, was capable to gain a place in his Heart above her; but, however, where-ever he walked she kept so near to him, that she hinder'd all the Opportunities of the Princess's speaking to him; till at last, being about to depart in search of her that was always so near him in Disguise, he resolved to

force himself so far as to undeceive the
Princess; and thereupon stealing from A-
donis, he went to her Chamber, where he
found her cast on her Bed, and her fair
Eyes much injured by the often trickling
down of Tears: at the sight of him she
raised herself up, as well as the weakness
of her Condition would allow, and in hopes
he came to make a Proffer of his Love to
her, her Heart was so revived, that fresh
Blood came into her Face, grown pale with
Sorrow, and caused a comely Blush: she
welcomed him with many kind Expressions;
but he, perceiving her Mistake, sat down
by her, and laying his Hand on hers, whilst
she gave him a melting Kiss, fetching a sigh,
he said, *Oh! Divine Princess, that I must be
ungrateful to so much Beauty and Goodness; that
I must refuse what is offer'd, and yet acknow-
ledge it much above my Deserts; yet pardon me,
that am constrained to do it, and call in that
Love that you have placed on one that can make
no suitable Returns; my Heart had entertained
another Guest before I saw your beauteous Face,
a Lady, though no Princess, to whom I have
vowed eternal Constancy, though I know not at
present what part of the World containeth her.*

This the Princess took so heavily, so find
she was utterly rejected, that not being
capable to reply, bursting into Tears, with
a great Cry, she cast herself on her Bed,
and fell into a deep Swound, from which

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he endeavoured to recover her; but in the mean time her Maids came about her, and when he saw her begin to revive, he, lest his Presence should the more trouble her, withdrew himself: but when she came to her Senses, and missed him, she fell into grievous Complaints, and such immoderate Sorrow, that it disordered her Brain to a degree of Distraction, so that with that, and pining away, by refusing Food, this poor Princess, who came too late to possess a Heart she so fain would have enjoyed, died, greatly lamented of all that heard of her sad Story.

O H A P. X.

How Pollipus, unknown to him, lay with Violetta, under the Disguise of a Page; how he told her the whole Story of his Love, and the Comfort she gave him; how at last, when he was going in search of her, she discovered herself to him, and of their happy Marriage.



THo' there were many Turnaments and Jufts ordained in Honour of *Parisinus's* Marriage, and many renowned Knights did Wonders, yet *Parisinus* himfelf, in Honour of his fair Bride, entering the Lifts, performed fuch Wonders in Chivalry, Unhorsing all he encountered, that the Lawrel was placed on his Head, by the Judges of the Field, as an Affurance

of

of Victory; and in the close of the Evening, the whole Palace being Illuminated with Wax-tapers, the Ladies prepared to Dance, and there was Royal Feasting, as well for the Stangers, as those that appertained to the Court: But all this while *Pollipus* was very sad, and intent about his Departure in search of *Viola*, who had lain with him so often unknown, or undiscovered of what Sex she was, which made him privately withdraw from this Noble Assembly, that by hastening to Bed, he might be up the earlier to be going in the Morning; he soon did what he proposed, and ordered his supposed Page to lie with him; he slept little that Night, but prov'd very restless, sighing and groaning very much, tossing too and fro, as one much disturbed in Mind, grieving for the Death of the Princess *Frenetta*, and more, when he considered the Dangers, as he supposed, his dear *Viola* might be exposed to, for want of his Assistance; which made her, who then lay by him, inwardly smile, and to pass away the time, resolved to enter into a Discourse with him; whereupon *Sir Knight*, said she, *I wonder that for a considerable time past, I have perceived you altogether restless and uneasie, start in your Sleep, and talk of strange things to yourself, the like I have not seen, in any but yourself; therefore,*

continued she, I beseech you, if I have found Favour in your Sight, or at any time been gracious in your Eyes, let me make it my Request, that you would freely open your Bosom-thoughts to me, and hide not from your poor Servant, the weighty Secret, that so much oppresses you; perhaps Heaven may be so propitious, as to inspire me with such Counsel; as may afford you a timely Remedy, before you throw your self into a melancholy, or despairing Condition.

Good Boy, replied he, thy Love is unquestionable to me, and I know, lay it in thy Power to ease the Dolours and Anguish of my Soul, they would not be of long Continuance; but, alas, in the Condition I am, all thy Love, Strength, Art, or Policy is unavailable in this case.

But pray, said she, let me know it however, and if I cannot do what I would to contribute to your Quier and Happiness, I will do it to the utmost of my Power; and doubt not but some Advantage may accrue by it.

And so long she pressed him, that at last, fetching a deep Sigh, he told her all the material Passages of his Love, and that the Cause of his Grief sprung from a Fear that he was slighted by her he so much loved, since he had never heard from her in any Court wherein he had been enquiring for her.

Is this all? said she; Can a Fancy, set on a Woman's Beauty, breed such Disquiets in the Mind

Mind of so valiant and brave a Knight? Come, come, trouble your self no more about it; your Worth, if she had any knowledge of your Love, is of force sufficient to gain her Affections, and keep her constant: Come, cheer up, Sir, for I know this Violetta well; that she is of so vertuous a Disposition, that nothing can make her condescend to any thing that is not brave and generous; and if I can Presage aright, as often I have done, there is no doubt but in a short space you will find her; and not only find her, but find her courteous and loving, free from Disdain, and even from Coyness, any more than Modesty Requires.

This Discourse, though he could lay no great stress upon it, was however, pleasing to our Knight; so that towards Morning he fell into a pleasant slumber, and dreamed he was Embracing of his dear Violetta, with such Content and Satisfaction that the thoughts of it, even almost ravished him; when he was awake, and taking it for a good Omen of finding her, he hasted to get ready his Horse, in order to be gone; when Violetta, who had all this while gone under the disguised Name of Adonius, in a Page's Habit, and had lain with her dear Pollipus undiscovered to him, and thereby knew more particularly the Sincerity of his Affections towards her; when she found she was unable, by the inward

ward Motions of her Heart, to conceal herself any longer from his Knowledge; she had heard the Sighs and Groans he had uttered, and seen the many Tears that in pearly Drops distilled from his Eyes, for her supposed loss, whilst she lay by his side, and at other times, when she accompanied him in lovely Woods and Groves, where he vented his Woes and Lamentations; and finding he was about to take his leave of *Parismina*, in search of her; she concluded he had been enough Afflicted, and ought to suffer no more when it was in her Power to remedy it. Yet to save her Blushes and Honour, she thought a convenient opportunity was the best; and therefore being in Bed with him, and hearing his Sighs, though she was still under the Disguise of a Page, she told him, she in a little time doubted not but to ease his Sorrow, but he made little account of it; she told him she knew very well where his Lady was, and that she could do more with her, on his behalf, than any one living. He only replied, *Alas! pretty Youth, I know thou endeavour'st to delude my Sorrows; but I tell you, no Flattery or Insinuation can end them, till I find her, unless Death put an end to my Woes, in the tedious search I am about to make after her.*

Upon this she perswaded him not to

undertake it, and had much ado to refrain from Tears; ſhe thought inſtantly to have diſcovered herſelf, but Honour checked her Paſſion in ſuch an unſeemly place; yet promiſed him that the next day ſhe would eaſe his Pain, and prevent his Journey, by preſenting his Miſtreſs before him; this he ſtill looked on as a Fable, and ſo, as well as his reſtleſs Condition would permit, he fell aſleep.

The Sun the next Morning had no ſooner guilded the Earth with its glorious Beams, and made all Nature rejoyce with its kind Light and Heat, but the fair One, riſing firſt, deſired him for to come to her in the neighbouring Grove, under the ſpreading Beech-tree, where he had ſo often uttered his Laments, and carv'd the Cipher of his Belov'd's Name on the tender Bark, and there he ſhould find the Joy and Satisfaction ſhe had promiſed him: ſhe needed not to uſe many Arguments to incite him, for he immediately promiſed to obey. In the mean while, by the means of *Leda*, the Princeſs *Laurana's* Maid, ſhe had got Female-apparel, very rich and coſtly, and hid them ſome diſtance from the place in a Thicket.

Pollipus you may be ſure was not ſlow to keep his Word, though Doubts and Fears were greater than his expected Joys; it

was

ward Motions of her Heart, to conceal herself any longer from his Knowledge; she had heard the Sighs and Groans he had uttered, and seen the many Tears that in pearly Drops distilled from his Eyes, for her supposed loss, whilst she lay by his side, and at other times, when she accompanied him in lovely Woods and Groves, where he vented his Woes and Lamentations; and finding he was about to take his leave of *Paris*, in search of her; she concluded he had been enough Afflicted, and ought to suffer no more when it was in her Power to remedy it. Yet to save her Blushes and Honour, she thought a convenient opportunity was the best; and therefore being in Bed with him, and hearing his Sighs, though she was still under the Disguise of a Page, she told him, she in a little time doubted not but to ease his Sorrow, but he made little account of it; she told him she knew very well where his Lady was, and that she could do more with her, on his behalf, than any one living. He only replied, *Alas! pretty Youth, I know thou endeavourest to delude my Sorrows; but I tell you, no Flattery or Insinuation can end them, till I find her, unless Death put an end to my Woes, in the tedious search I am about to make after her.*

Upon this she perswaded him not to

undertake it, and had much ado to refrain from Tears; she thought instantly to have discovered herself; but Honour checked her Passion in such an unseemly place; yet promised him that the next day she would ease his Pain, and prevent his Journey, by presenting his Mistress before him; this he still looked on as a Fable, and so, as well as his restless Condition, would permit, he fell asleep.

The Sun the next Morning had no sooner guilded the Earth with its glorious Beams, and made all Nature rejoyce with its kind Light and Heat, but the fair One, rising first, desired him for to come to her in the neighbouring Grove, under the spreading Beech-tree, where he had so often uttered his Laments, and carv'd the CIPHER of his Beloved's Name on the tender Bark, and there he should find the Joy and Satisfaction she had promised him: she needed not to use many Arguments to incite him, for he immediately promised to obey. In the mean while, by the means of *Leda*, the Princess *Laurana's* Maid, she had got Female-apparel, very rich and costly, and hid them some distance from the place in a Thicket.

Pollipus you may be sure was not slow to keep his Word, though Doubts and Fears were greater than his expected Joys; it was

was not long (for the steps of Lovers are always swift) ev'r he arrived at the well-known place, and finding only the supposed *Adonis* there, sitting on a little Hill raised of Turfs, very pensive and thoughtful, he fancy'd all the Contrivance was only to lull his Sorrow asleep; yet she no sooner heard his tread, but starting up, and running to meet him, put him into other Thoughts; when she told him, if he would have but the Patience to sit a little, she would fetch the Saint, he did so much admire, to him.

Alas! said *Pollipus*, embracing her, *if that could be done, all the Business of my Life should be to make thee Amends.*

Well, replied she, *if I do not, let me henceforth suffer all your Hate, which would be worse to me than Death.*

Hereupon she departed, and went into the Thicket, and put off her Page's Habit, and attired her self with the other: At her Approach he started, and thought he saw a Vision, the Brightness of Angels, casting a Radiance of Divine Beauty, thro' the shading Branches of the Grove; and immediately hasting to meet so heavenly a Creature, astonished, and not able to speak, he fell down at her Feet; but she raised him gently, when looking on her lovely and well-known Eyes, with Kisses and Tears, he

em-

embraced her, as yet not being able to speak for Joy; but coming a little to himself, and having pour'd out his passionate Affections, his next words were to enquire for *Adonius* that he might requite him, in some measure, for so great a Favour: But giving him a tender Kiss, she said, *Ah, my Lord, you have that Page in me; Adonius and Violetta are all one: Through the Affections I bore you, and to try your Constancy, I put on that Disguise of Name and Habit.* This struck him with greater Wonder and Admiration than before, that he could scarce believe that he was awake, and that it was rather a Dream than a Reality: but upon her often repeating it, delivering him a Jewel he had given her, and all the former Circumstances of their Love and Misfortunes, in an excess of Joy he was confirmed of the Truth; and so an end being put to his Sorrows, and intended Search, he led the admired Lady to their Lodgings.

The News of this coming to the knowledge of *Parisms* and his fair Princess, caused great Joy in them, who immediately went to visit the two Lovers, and congratulate their happy Meeting: but when *Parisms* knew that *Violetta* had been represented by *Adonius's* Page, he could not but stand in greater Admiration than his Friend embracing of her tenderly, as did his Princess,

cells, declaring her Innocence and Vertue:
And hereupon *Andrueia*, her Father, being
sent for, with Tears of Joy, gave his Con-
sent, joyning their Hands in a happy Mar-
riage, which was celebrated with great
Pomp and Magnificence, *Dionysius* and his
Queen being at the Wedding. And with
this happy Marriage we conclude the First
Part of this Renowned History.

The End of the First Part.

The Famous

The Second Part.

CHAP. I.

Parismus and Larrana's Departure from the Court and Kingdom of Thessaly to Bohemia; also Pollipus and Violetta's Arrival there, and the Misfortune that befel them.



HAVING the two new-married Lovers, enjoying all the Felicity they could desire, in the Court of Dionysius, King of Thessaly, we must follow

82 The famous History of

Parisius, and his fair Princess, returning once more to *Bohemia*, who were not parted with, but with Tears and much Sorrow, by *Parisius* and *Olivia*, and all the Court, accompanied and attended with a very noble Train, of some of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and for Brevity's sake, in this place omit their Names. In their way by Land they passed thro' many Countries, without meeting with any Adventure worthy of note, and arriving upon the Confines of *Bohemia*, the Prince welcomed his beloved *Laurana* to a Country, of which Destiny, after some Hardships, which she was yet to undergo, had designed her to be Queen.

Parisius had sent word before of his coming, and therefore the Bohemians every where welcomed him and his Princess with Joy and Shows of Triumph: and amongst those that came to meet and congratulate him, was one *Ancestes*, a Nobleman, who entreated him in his way to the Court, to take an Entertainment at his House, which he kindly accepted, where he and his Company were entertained with great Splendour and Magnificence; and here it was, upon notice sent by this Nobleman, that the King and Queen of *Bohemia*, casting off their great Sadness, came to meet them, and with Tears of Joy, ex-

pressed their Welcome. Not long after the Court had abounded in Feasts and Triumphant Shews, and all that could express the Welcome of so long and absent a Prince, *Parisinus* had gained by his great Valour, *Pollipus* and *Violerra* arrived to participate of these Joys with their beloved Friends; but in a little time there happened an Accident that much eclipsed the Mirth of the Court, especially that of the Prince and his Princess, for *Pollipus*, and his beloved Lady, going in the Evening to take their Recreation in the Forrest, without any Attendance, as they were discoursing of Love, and former Adventures, a huge Bear came towards them, which terrible Beast affrighting the Lady, he started up and drew his Sword to shield her from the Danger, immediately putting the Beast to flight; but not thinking it enough, unless he brought its Head to lay at her Feet, as a Trophy of his Honour, he pursued him among the thickest of the Trees, contrary to her Intreaty, and at last kill'd him; but in the mean while, she, fearing his Safety, and apprehensive of her own Danger, strayed so far, that when he returned he could not find her; whereupon he immediately run to the Court, thinking her Bears had carried her thither; but not upon enquiry, and the most diligent search, getting any notice of her, he ran

The Famous Villainy of

like one distracted back again to the Forrest, with his bloody Sword in his Hand, but to little purpose, for she, growing weary with searching for him, and thinking he was devoured by some Beast, sat down on a Bank to bewail her misfortunes, making grievous Complaints; which one *Archus*, called, *The Cruel*, for his Tyranny and Villany, hearing, as he was beating the Roads for Prey, entered the Forrest, and seeing a Woman in a disconsolate Condition, and at the same time, beholding her excellent Beauty, who looked lovely in Tears, he demanded the cause of her Bewailings; which she had no sooner told him, in hopes he was a courteous Knight, and that by his Assistance her Lord might be found: but, on the contrary, burning with lustful Delires, he told her, If she would mount behind one of his Servants, and ride to Court, he and the rest would search the Woods, and bring her Lord to her. To this, with some unwillingness, she consented, giving him her Scarf to shew *Pol-lipus*, as a Pledge of her Safety, that he need no longer doubt or torment himself with Fears: but this treacherous Tyrant had given private Orders she should be immediately carried to his Castle, standing some Miles from thence, among Rocks and Mountains, very difficult of access; which was performed, notwithstanding

her

her Strugling and Cries to prevent it: And that, upon search, she might be thought to be torn a pieces by wild Beasts, he tore he Scarf in pieces, and scattered it in the Paths of the Forrest; which *Pollipus*, upon finding it, believing, made such Lamentations as pierced not only the Heart of the valiant *Parisinus*, but the most obdurate: He thereupon running into the Woods, and vowing not to give over his search till he found her. *Laurana* hearing this, was much cast down in Sorrow for the cross Accident that had befallen the two constant Lovers: And many were sent out to look for *Pollipus*, and assist him, if in Danger; but could not at that time find him: so that we must leave him in search a while for his fair Lady, and return to other Adventures.

CH A P T E R

OF THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCE OF AFRICA, AND HIS LOVE TO THE PRINCESS OF AFRICA.

C H A P. II.

Now the Nurse of Parilmenos, the Princess Laurana's Son, being killed by a Lion, in the Tartarian Isle of Rocks, he liv'd in great Hardship as a Wild-man, and arriv'd at Andramart's Castle; how he was receiv'd there to his Content, and after a hard Combat, and being desirous to seek Adventures, put to Sea, where he fought with the Moorish Pirates, but being separated and shipwrecked by Storm, he was cast on the Coast of Thrace, and there nam'd, The Knight of Fame,



YOU have heard already how the fair and beautiful Princess Laurana, was deliver'd of a Son in her great Distress,

in the Isle of Rocks, this Son being there taken from her, by order of *Andramart* and *Adamasia*, his cruel Sister, and the Princess's Jaylor, to grieve and afflict the Lady the more, because she would not yield to the Tyrant's Lust; and that not being able to terrifie, or win upon her Vertue, Orders were given, in her hearing, to the Nurse to Murder it: As for the Sorrow she conceived hereat, it is in vain for us to go about to describe it; but so Providence order'd, to the future Comfort of the Parents, that the Nurse, in Obedience to their wicked Commands, putting the Knife twice or thrice to its Throat, the innocent Babe still smiling in her Face, Compassion wrought with her so far, that she had neither the Courage nor Heart to destroy it; whereupon, one Moon-shiny-night, she left the Castle privately, and went with it into a Cave in a great Forrest, where she nourished it some Years with the Milk of a Goat she carried along with her, feeding herself upon Roots, and such Fruits as the Forrest afforded, in the various Seasons; and though she was much searched for, could not be found.

At length *Andramart*, and his cruel Sister, as in the First Part is mentioned, being put to Death by *Parismus*, and the suffering Princess rescued, by her dear Lord, from their barbarous Hands; this poor Woman,

sup-

supposing the Danger to be over; and designing to carry the Child back to the Mother, in the way, meeting with a Lion eager of Prey, threw down the Babe; But the cruel Beast smelling to it, and finding it of Royal Blood, left it, and pursued the poor flying Wretch, whom he soon overtook and devoured; so that after this, the Child, who was about three Years old, not knowing whence he came, nor where to go, thought that Forrest to be all the World, and therefore wandred up and down in it, feeding upon what Providence sent; and in this Condition he lived till he grew up to Man's Estate; then, being weary one Day, and reposing in the Cave where he had been nursed, he fancied in his Dream, that his Nurse appeared to him, and led him by the Hand to a fair Castle, wherein he beheld abundance of fine People, who entertained him with curious Delicates, harmonious Sounds, and all other things that were both delightful and pleasant to his Thoughts: waking, he much pondered upon these things, and found himself delighted with the Thoughts of them; when immediately, as he was musing a young Bear started out of a Brake, the Chase of which he follow'd, with only his Hunting-pole in his Hand; this Beast flying still before him, and out-stripping him, came to the edge of the Forrest, and

in the Plain, being more nimble of Foot, he soon overtook and destroyed him, taking the Skin, which he fleyed off with a sharp Flint-stone, as his Spoil, and feeding on part of the Carcass. But now, being out of the Forrest, which he had never been before, he thought himself in a strange Country, and finding it pleasant, resolved to ramble; which he did so long, till he came within sight of a fair Castle, which he fancied to be the same he had seen in his Dream, and which had made so great an Impression in his Mind; so that he resolved to go to it, and with much Difficulty ascended the steep rocky Stairs; but then he must pass the Guard, who used him very roughly; yet with his mighty Staff, like *Hercules*, he broke his way, laying two or three of them at his Feet, which put all in an Uproar, but encompassing and taking him Prisoner, by his Discourse and Behaviour, finding he must be one that was mad, or savagely brought up in the Woods, they offered him no further Violence, but for his Valour entertained him amongst them, to his great Delight and Contentment, having changed the Society of Beasts now for that of Men, and a different Habitation.

One Day discoursing with the Chief of them, and hearing there were other Countries besides this, wherein many noble Acts

of Chivalry were performed, his Courage was so enflamed, that he was restless, till he had engaged *Tirissus*, the Chief of them, to promise to carry him with him into other Lands, when the Ships set out, that he might seek Adventures; and he accordingly consented, but in their Sailing they were set on by Moorish Pyrates, where they stood them in great stead, beating the storming Enemy into the Sea by scores, till at last a mighty Tempest arising, ended the Fight, yet brought them into worse Danger, by beating the Vessels in pieces on Rocks and Quicksands, in which Shipwrack, almost all were drowned; but Providence saved this Prince, after ten days floating on a broken Mast, that carried him on shore in *Thrace*, almost dead, by reason of the Wounds he received in the Fight, and the Fatigue on the briny Waves; but in this despairing Condition being taken into Favour by Duke *Arsenius*, upon relating to him the Story of his Life, and the Doubtfulness of his Birth and Parentage, he was called by him, *The Knight of Fame*, after he had Knighted him, and put him in an Equipage of Chivalry.

CHAP. III.

Amphiron, being in Love with Duke Amasenus's Dutchess, contrived to Debauch her, but being rejected by the vertuous Lady, his Love turned to Revenge; when being jealous of Parismenos, he contrived with a Waiting-woman of hers, to insense the Duke against him, who ordered Parismenos to be devoured by Lions, and the Dutchess to be burnt. How he slew the Lions, acquitted his, and her Innocency, and discovered the Treason.



Amasenus continuing in the Court of
Thee, so civilized himself, after his
ruder rough manner, that he soon became
accomplished a Knight, that moll or the

great Ladies of the Court cast their Eyes upon him, and could not forbear blushing when he did the like on them; but he, detained to another Fortune, was so little sensible of that silent Love-language, that it made no Impression in his Mind: In all Jests and Tournaments he so bravely behaved himself, that he carried the Prize from the stoutest Champions, though Warriors of long Experience: When he hunted Lions and Tygars in the huge Forrests that are in that vast Country, he would overthrow them on Foot, and singly charge the furious Beasts with his Spear, remaining a Conquerour.

This early Growth in Vertue and Valour, as it made him highly belov'd by his Country, so it gained him the Envy of others, who by the Glory he eclipsed by the Martial Promises of a growing Greatness; amongst whom was Prince Amcliron, a Man of a proud Spirit, who pretended secret Love to Amcliron's Dutchess, an exceeding beautiful Lady, of whom he had been enamoured before her Marriage with the Duke, and his Jealousy was the more whetted, because he was jealous of another Rival, perceiving that she had cast her Eyes on the gallant young Knight, he had by many secret Conspiracies plotted the Duke's Death, to bring his Ends about, but still was frustrated, and not being able to refrain from treachery,

ons Practices, now hired several Russians
to kill *Parismenos*, that his way might be
the freer to his wicked Attempts, who
Way-laid him in the Evening as he was re-
turning to the Palace; but though he was
without Armour, and had no other Wea-
pon but his Sword, he so bravely defended
himself, and offended his Enemies, that
two of the four were soon layed Dead at
his Feet, which so froze the Courage of
the rest, that despairing to effect the wick-
ed Enterprize, they fled to him that had
set them on work, with the News of the
Disappointment, leaving *Parismenos* to pass
on his way to his Apartment: *Amphiron*
wretted at this; however, he sent to fetch off
the dead Bodies and bury them secretly,
to prevent discovery; giving out, that
Thieves pestered the City, and committed
many Outrages, saying, himself not long
before had been set upon in like manner,
showing an old Wound long since re-
ceiyed, the better to colour the matter.

Though *Amphiron* in this and other Pro-
jects had been defeated, he resolved not to
give over; and finding he could not enjoy
the fair Dutchess, and that by her seldom
stirring abroad without a strong Guard of
Spear-men and Archers, he despair'd of
carrying her away by Surprize, and enjoying
her by Force, exasperated him the more,
because she had lately professed if he trou-
bled

bled her any longer with his detested Love, she would acquaint the Duke her Husband with it, to his Ruin: He changed his Love into Hatred, and resolved to be revenged on her, by making her eternally Infamous.

The fair Dutchess had a Waiting-woman named *Antomiosa*, to her *Amphiron* pretended Love, and with many costly Gifts so won upon her Affection, that she was wholly at his Devotion, discovering all the Dutchess's Secrets to him, in which he found grounds to raise the Duke's Jealousie; to which of his own Nature he was very much inclinable, being in Years, and his Lady exceeding handsome; when finding him listen to what he insinuated, he took the boldness to tell him, If he had a mind to be satisfied with his own Eyes, he would give him that Satisfaction in the Evening (by personating her Lover) whom she used to entertain from her Balconey in the Garden from which he had often seen a Ladder or Rope let down, and the Party ascended, as he verily believed, by their Expression to enjoy her; whom, he said, he would have killed on the spot, but for fear the Discovery should wound the Dutchess's Reputation; yet seeing she left not off those wicked Practices; he, after long struggling with his Conscience, found himself in Duty bound, to declare the Injury to his Highness, the most loving of Husbands, and the

The Duke heard this with much Impatience, and after Vowing a severe Revenge, without further considering what Vertue and Innocence, he injured by the Traducement of a Traytor, he order'd him to put in practice what he propos'd, and himself would be in an Arbour near enough to hear and see what pass'd. This treacherous Man no sooner left the Duke, but he went to *Amomiosa* feigning a pleasant Humour, and after some Carrelles, told her, that she must play a Frolick for his sake that Evening, which was, to dress herself in one of the Dutcheſs's Suits of Apparel as fine as might be, and appear in the Balconey to entertain him with Love-discourse, imitating her Voice as near as possibly, and call him her dear *Parismenos*, to prevent the Knowledge of his true Name, and let down the Rope-ladder he then gave her for him to ascend, that so enjoying her, he might conclude he had enjoyed in her the Dutcheſs, and so weaning himself from that proud Beauty, fix his whole Affection on her, and make her his Wife: The poor easie Girl, ignorant of his Intentions, in hopes of a noble Husband, readily consented; and at the time appointed, the Duke, by her Habit, Voice and Face, that appeared by the glimmering of Moon-light, concluded it was his Lady, and that she was adulterously enclined to *Parismenos*.

whose Youth and Beauty had overcome her Chastity: *Amphiron*, who would not ascend the Ladder though let down, pretending he saw one at a distance in the Garden, no sooner returned to the Duke, but he found him in such a Rage, that he could hardly hinder him from executing his Vengeance on them immediately; but the crafty Traytor delayed him till he could send away *Antimonosa*, least upon breaking out of the Business, she should make her Discovery to free the Dutchess, which before Day he did, to a Castle belonging to him some Leagues distant, promising to follow and marry her; but, by the way, she, according as he had ordered, was murdered and buried in a Wood; as one of the Murtherers coming to dye at the Gallows, confessed.

To be brief, the Day following, the Dutchess was condemned to be Burned, and *Parismenos* to be devoured by two Lions before her Face; e'er Fire was set to the Pile, their Protestations of Innocence, nothing mollifying the Duke's hard Heart. *Parismenos*, was by the Intercession of the Nobles allowed to wear Gantlets, with which, contrary to their Expectation, he slew both those furious Beasts; and then aloud demanded the Combat with his Accuser to clear the Dutchess's Innocence as he had done his own; which was thought so

reasonable, that *Amphiron* was, against his Will, constrained to undertake it: and both being mounted, after a sharp Combat, *Parifmenos* gave his Adversary so many Wounds, that fainting, he fell from his Horse, and cried out he was a dead Man; and indeed, being about to give up the Ghost, his Conscience touched him so nearly, that he openly confessed this, and all his other Treasons and ill Practises against the Duke and Dutches, desiring theirs and *Parifmenos's* Pardon, whose Innocency he had wronged in hopes of Revenge, declaring, to make Amends, the Accomplishes, of his Treacheries; and so died, leaving them to be executed on the Gallows, where many of them suffered. The Dutches here-upon was freed, and *Parifmenos* highly praised. But for all this, he wanted not Enemies in the Court, as will appear in the next Chapter.



...now in the ...
...made a ...
...could give no account of his ...
...on the County he was ...

C H A P. IV.

How Parismenos, gaining the Love of the Duke, was envied by his Courtiers; how they conspired against his Life, and how notably he was revenged of them, wherein his great Valour appeared to his high Renown: How Pollipus, in search of Violetta, was, after a bloody Fight, taken Prisoner by the Giant Brandamore, and confined in his Castle: How Archas would have ravished Violetta, and by what means she escaped from his Castle.



BEING now in the Thracian Court, when he had made a fuller Relation of his Story, but could give no account of his Name, Parentage, or the Country he was

bred up in; the Duke, at the Insinuation of *Chorus*, a Knight of the Court, who feared *Parismenos* might eclipse his Glory and the Name he had undeservedly gotten, began to have him in Distrust; but, upon the plain Answers he made him, being convinced of his Innocence, and that he was no Pirate or Spy, as the other had suggested, he reprov'd the envious Courtier; and carrying *Parismenos* with him to many great Entertainments, it provok'd *Chorus* so much, that he sent the Prince a Challenge; and he intreating the Duke's leave to enter the Combat with him, it was consented to; and so in a long and bloody Conflict he slew his Adversary, which gained him much Love of the common sort of People, especially, because that Lord was the most Haughty, Proud, and Injurious Person in the Country.

After this, the Duke's Opinion of him encreased, but for that cause the Knights of the Court envied him; but more particularly, because the Ladies had cast their Eyes on him, and highly approv'd his comely Personage, Beauty, and courteous Behaviour, which shew'd him to be of no mean Birth, fearing that he would win all the Honour and Love, and leave them frustrated of their Expectations.

Among these Knights was *Argulus*, a Kinsman to *Chorus*, whom he had slain in

fair Combat; this Man, to bring his Discretion the better to pass, made great show of Friendship and Kindness to him, insinuating the more cunningly by the means of one *Themides*, of whom *Parismenos* had some good Opinion, because the Duke favoured him; so between them, they persuaded him to the Hunting of a mighty wild Boar, who had destroyed many People and Cattle, alledging, That if he employed his Valour in destroying it, his Fame would be renowned for ever. They well enough knew his forward Courage, and therefore expected his Compliance, which accordingly they obtained; and the next Morning he appointed to meet them at a set Hour by the Forrest-side; yet, having bad Dreams that Night, and his Nose dropping Blood in the Morning, and he growing more sad than usual, his Heart forgave him that some Mischief was intended him; then he called to mind the frowning Countenances of the Courtiers towards him; and so, being in a strange Country, he knew not well what to think on it: but having passed his Word, and scorning to give up his Mind to Fears, he mounted a gallant Stead the Duke had presented him withal, and riding on, in a musing manner, he at some distance beheld a Lamosel, with her Hair about her Ears, riding towards him, with piteous Out-cries, as if she had

been purfued; when coming up to him, Courteous Knight, faid ſhe, wringing her Hands, and letting feigned Tears fall from her Eyes, *If you have any pity on the Diſtreſſed, right my Wrongs on two injurious Men; Knights I dare not ſtile them, for had they any Honour, they would not have uſed me thus.* Then ſhe told him a feigned Story, how ſhe was going to Duke Amasemus, with a Letter from a Perſon of great Honour, that they had taken it away from her, and rifled her of other things, &c. the innocent Prince believing this, bid her direct him to them, and he would force them to give her Satisfaction.

She had no ſooner led him into a narrow Lane, but ſhe ſhewed him two Knights in green Armour, to whom he rode up, and having upbraided them for their uncourteous Behaviour, they answered him as roughly, whereupon charging his Spear againſt one of them, he threw him to the ground Horſe and all, where he lay helpleſs; and being about to charge on the other, he found him ſelf beſet by divers Knights, who all at once ruſhed upon him before and behind, not regarding the Laws of Chivalry; wherefore, perceiving the Damoſel to be gone, he found it a Playd to bring him into an Ambuſh, and ſo Murther him: yet he reſolved that ſhould buy his Life at a very dear rate.

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withal, and riding on, in a musing manner,
he at some distance beheld a Damosel, with
her Hair about her Ears, riding towards
him, with piteous Out-cries, as if she had

been pursued; when coming up to him, *Courteous Knight*, said she, wringing her Hands, and letting feigned Tears fall from her Eyes, *If you have any pity on the Distressed, right my Wrongs on two injurious Men; Knights I dare not stile them, for had they any Honour, they would not have used me thus.* Then she told him a feigned Story, how she was going to Duke *Amasenus*, with a Letter from a Person of great Honour, that they had taken it away from her, and rifled her of other things, &c. the innocent Prince believing this, bid her direct him to them, and he would force them to give her Satisfaction.

She had no sooner led him into a narrow Lane, but she shewed him two Knights in green Armour, to whom he rode up, and having upbraided them for their discourteous Behaviour, they answered him as roughly, whereupon charging his Spear against one of them, he threw him to the ground Horse and all, where he lay helpless; and being about to charge on the other, he found him self beset by diverse Knights, who all at once rushed upon him before and behind, not regarding the Laws of Chivalry; wherefore, perceiving the Damosel to be gone, he found it a Plot layed to bring him into an Ambush, and so Murther him; yet he resolved they should buy his Life at a very dear rate, so

laying about him furiously, he with many Wounds and great loss of Blood, brought all but one to the Ground, and he being about to fly, *Parismenor* pursuing him, by his Voice he knew him to be *Argulus*, saying, *Ah Traitor! am I the Bait you designed to Hunt to Death? However, Disssembler, thou shalt pay dearly for it;* and thereupon with a mighty blow he tumbled him dead from his Horse; and being weary with Fighting and loss of Blood, soon after fainted and fell down himself as dead, and there had died, had not the Duke, missing him so long, and fearing some new Quarrels, come with his Guard in search of him, and finding him in that Condition, conveyed the dead Bodies and him to the City, ordering his Physicians to take all manner of Care for his Recovery; so that by their Skill and Diligence he was soon brought to himself, and related the Treachery designed against his Life; which greatly grieved the Duke, but finding he had so notably revenged himself on his Adversaries, he not only praised his Valour, but was comforted with the success he had in overcoming them, that so basely sought to destroy him; entertaining him in his Court as if he had been his own Son, and commanding all Respects and Civilities to be shewn him by his Courtiers; where, for a time, we must leave him in the highest Co-

refles that good Prince was capable of bestowing on him, and return to our former Adventurers.

Pollipus having lost his dearly beloved *Viollera*, made such Moan for her, that all exceedingly pitied him; he frequented Woods and lonely Places in search of her, leaving no Place unsearched, where there was any probability of her being retired, or restrained, in which he run very great Dangers and Hazards by wild Beasts, Giants, and Knights he encountred with, in searching several suspected Castles, where he thought she might be confined; yet Fortune, who still designed to be cross to these Lovers, directed him not to that wherein she was; but to make his Misery the more, he came to that of the monstrous Giant *Brandamore*, where, by odds of Number, after a cruel Fight, wherein he behaved himself with all the Courage and Bravery imaginable, killing divers Knights, beaten down by the Giant's huge Mace; he was taken up as dead, fainting thro' his Wounds and great Effusion of Blood, and so carried Prisoner into the Castle, and there left to bewail his cruel Captivity in Irons, till rescued by friendly Hands, as shall be hereafter related.

Viollera being now in *Archer's* Castle, that cruel Tyrant casting his lascivious Eyes upon her admirable Beauty, after her

at first with all imaginable Kindness, entertaining her with the deep Expressions of his Love; but finding she was deaf to all his Entreaties, and spent her time in Tears for her dear Knight *Polipus*, whom he in vain perswaded her to believe was slain by a wild Boar, he resolved, in a despair of ever gaining her Consent, to enjoy her delicate Body by force; and so, taking an Opportunity to surprize her in an Arbor where she usually retired to weep and bemoan her hard Fortune, after he had used the Perswasions he could utter to induce her to a Compliance, and finding her inflexible, he told her it was but in vain to remain obstinate, for being in his Power, he resolved to serve himself; and therefore twisting one Hand rudely in her golden Hair, with the other he proceeded to handle her in a rude unseemly manner; but she, who had rather die then lose her Honour, struggled with all her force to prevent it; but that proving too weak, she sent forth such pitious Shrieks and Cries as brought thither *Sorana*, a Woman belonging to the Castle; at whose approach, Shame made the lustful Tyrant quit his hold and retire, leaving fair *Violetta* pale, faint, and almost breathless on the Ground; yet resolved not to give over his Purpose, but take a more seasonsble Opportunity to accomplish it.

This Woman conveyed the sorrowful Lady to her Chamber, and comforted her in the best wise; when being come to her self, and having tenderly embraced her, and returned Thanks for the timely Rescue she had given her, she entreated her with Tears, that she would find some way for her Escape; but she told her, she herself, in her Youth and Beauty, had been brought thither on the like manner, and that *Archas* had forced her to his Lust, and yet having had this Pleasure of her, made now little account of her; wherefore, if it lay in her Power, she would contribute to her Escape, but it would prove very difficult, seeing that there was but one Way to the Castle, and that was always guarded, and none admitted to pass or repass, without bringing *Archas's* Ring as a Token; and that she was sure he had given strict charge concerning her, that, upon pain of Death, she should not escape, unless it might be contrived to be done in a Disguise, so that it might not be known. This made the sorrowful Lady weep afresh, and her Grief was so immoderate, that it melted *Sorana* unto Compassion, till she promised, at the hazard of her own Life, to further her Purpose, and that it should be in this manner: She should, when *Archas* visited her, seem more complying, and at length perswade him out of his Ring,

which

which he would not refuse her, as thinking she knew not, being a Stranger, the Use of it; and then promise him he might come secretly to her in the Night, and have his fill of Love-enjoyments. At this last Proposal, the fair *Violetta* startled and looked as pale as Death, supposing, by this Artifice, she designed to betray her Honour; but when *Sorana* protested the contrary, and added, she would, the better to bring it about, change Cloaths with her, lie in her Bed and deceive the Tyrant, whilst, by the Disguise and Token, she might escape. This was put in practice, and luckily succeeded; though, when the flight of *Violetta* was discovered, and that instead of so heavenly a Creature, he had all Night embraced one of his cast-off Mistresses; he grew in such a Rage, that, drawing his Sword, he immediately struck off the Head of poor *Sorana*, amidst her piteous Cries and Entreaties for Mercy; which, when *Violetta* afterward heard, it much grieved her, she had lost her Life in undertaking her Safety: however, fearing Pursuit, she fled as fast as she could, by unfrequented Ways, till at last she met with an old Hermit, who hearing her sad Relation, and taking pity of her, conducted her to his Cave, and refreshed her with such poor Entertainment as he had; and then, at her entreaty, undertook to be

her Guide to the Bohemian Court; but by the way he died, leaving her full of Fears and Perplexity in the midst of a large Wilderness; but, at the last, Providence brought her to a friendly Castle, where she found a Lady as sorrowful as herself, the occasion of which shall be mentioned in due place.

C H A P

C H A P. V.

How Parisinus departed in Search of Pollipus and Violetta: How Parismenos, in the Jests, won Philena, the King of Thrace's fair Daughter, and being warned of it in a Vision, he resigned her to Rhemus, to whom she was secretly betrothed before: how Violetta bemoaned her absent Lover; how he was Rescued from Brandamore's Castle, where the Giant was slain: how Venola, the King of Libia's Daughter, fell in Love with Parismenos, but was refused by him.



Now Parisinus, having promised Pollipus to follow him in Search of his beloved Lady, contrary to the Tears and Entreaties of his beautiful Princess, lea-

ving her warm and tender Embraces, early in the Morning set forward, accompanied with *Tellamore* and *Barzillai*, two valiant Knights; and though they fought in all Towns and Forrests they could imagine, yet hearing no News of him, coming unto a brazen Pillar, where the Road divided, they resolved to part several ways, the sooner, if possible, to accomplish their Undertaking.

Whilst these things happened, *Parisinos*, continuing with his good Friend the Duke *Amasenus*, and hearing the King of *Thrace* had appointed great Jests, or Tournaments, and that the Prize to the Victor was no less than his fair Daughter *Philene*, his Heart was enflamed with a Desire of Glory; and imparting it unto the Duke, he encouraged him to try his Fortune, and if he succeeded, notwithstanding he was a Stranger, and many Princes earnestly lay'd the Royal Maid, yet he need not fear but he would make such Interest with the King that he should be accepted his Son-in-Law, and hereupon he provided him rich and new Armour, shadowed with a Golden Forrest, and a Naked Man in it leading a Lion, with this Motto, *viz. Over-grown with Discontent*.

The appointed Days being come, which were to be three; a great many Tents of Kings, Princes, and valiant Knights were pitched

pitched on the Plains, so that they made
a very glorious Sight; amongst these were
Rhemus, a noble Knight, who dearly loved
the fair Princess, and to whom she had
promised her Love; this Knight was much
dejected, as fearing his success, upon which
all his Happiness on this side Heaven de-
pended; but being comforted by her Let-
ter, wherein she resolved never to marry
any but him; or, being denied that, be
wadded to her Grave; he took Courage,
and in the Encounters did wonderful Deeds,
bearing down Horse and Men before him;
but encountering *Parismenos*, he, and all
the rest that opposed him, were over-
thrown; so that the third Day he remained
Victor, none daring to encounter with him
any further; so that the Jests ceased, and
the King of *Aragon*, who run with others
in the Attempt, much praised him for his
Valour; so that he was received courte-
ously by them all, and after a solemn Wel-
come had passed on either side, he, unarm-
ing himself, appeared so beautiful, and of
so manly a Proportion, that they could not
but greatly admire him.

The King of *Thrace* leading the fair Prin-
cess by the Hand, who looked melancholly
and dejected, to think what might be the
Event, presented her to him, saying, *Adost*
noble Knight, you, to your Praise and everlasting
Honour having won my Daughter; according

as I decreed, I have deliver'd her up to you in
your lawful Right, and in a short time I intend
the Marriage Solemnities shall be performed.
Whereupon bowing low, and kissing her
fair Hand, he returned his most humble
Thanks; but withal said, Divine Princess,
How shall I think my self worthy, who am but
a Stranger, of so great a Blessing, which the
whole Business of my Life should have been care-
fully employ'd to have deserved? However, I be-
seech your Highness to esteem me as one that is
devoted for ever to your Service; yet, be assured,
Dear Lady, I will never consider any thing of
Right I have, by gaining you the way I have
done, but freely resign that Title, and leave it
to your Choice, resolving to do nothing without
your free Consent; hoping, by the Services I
shall do you, to gain that Love which at present
I scarce dare hope, as having no just Pretensions
to so high a Favour and Blessedness.

The Princess upon this, returned him
her humble Thanks, that he left her Inclina-
tion free, tho' he might have laid claim
to her by her Father's Promise, and was
mightily pleas'd with his modest Behavi-
our; and so they went to the splendid
Entertainment prepar'd for 'em; she con-
cluding to take another Opportunity to tell
him of her Preengagement in Love to no-
ble Rhemus. But Prince Parismenos being
in Bed, and musing of what had happened
in the foregoing Adventures, which caus'd

him to hug himself in a World of Joy, he
 fell into a sweet Slumber, and then a bright
 and glorious Vision appeared to him; he
 fancied he saw the Goddess Venus, all heav-
 enly fair, holding a Lady in her Hand of
 most incomparable Beauty, that out-shine
 all he had ever beheld, as much as the bla-
 zing Sun at Noon does excel in Bright-
 ness and Glory the lesser Fires that be-
 spangle the arched Skies: And whilst he
 was thus ravished with Joy to behold thy
 fair One, the Goddess thus uttered her
 Mind:

*Renowned Knight, thy second Name
 Is rightly fill'd, The Knight of Fame;
 Famed shalt thou be, thy Deeds shall crown
 Thy Brows with Honour and Renown:
 But yet the Destinies decree,
 Thy Bride Philena must not be;
 She to Rhemus gives her Heart,
 And you true Lovers must not part:
 But see, I have provided one,
 The fairest that the World has known;
 She is thy Lot, after long Toil,
 Her Love shall make thee ever smile;
 Teen seek her out, and you shall find,
 An Angel beautiful and kind.*

Upon this they disappeared; and when
 he awaked, he found his Heart enflam'd
 with the bright Idea he had beheld in his
 Dream.

in Dream, yet fancied that no Mortal could
 be so divinely beautiful; which put him
 into many Doubts and Fears; yet his
 Mind so run upon it, that nothing could
 move it, and therefore he resolved to go
 in search of her: And now the appointed
 Day of Marriage being come, and the Prin-
 cess and he at the Altar, to the Admi-
 ration of all, when the Priest was going to
 join their Hands, *Rhemus* stood mournfully
 by, he surrendred fair *Philena* up to him,
 and so far prevailed with the King her Fa-
 ther, by discovering the long and constant
 Love they had for each other, that he yield-
 ed his Consent to their Marriage; at which
 the over-joyed Lord *Rhemus* embraced him
 with Tears, vowing, at the hazard of his
 Life, to serve him for so unparallel'd a
 Generosity and Bravery of Mind; and so
 being highly treated and caressed of all,
 in a short time after he took his leave of
 the Court, in search of that beautiful Lady,
 who had by this time altogether taken up
 his Thoughts.

Violetta being all this while in the Castle
 of Refuge, with the sorrowful Lady *Charina*,
 heard the Relation of her Grief, which
 was, That the cruel Giant *Brandamore*, in
 the Forrest of *Ard*, had slain her Father,
 and taken *Madera* her Mother Prisoner,
 and that she, by her Brother *Parismon*'s
 Courage, had only so much time as to 'scape

his Lust, telling such a mournful Story that *Viola* could not refrain from Tears sympathizing with her in her woful Sadness; and then related unto her all her own Misfortunes, desiring that she might have some Guide to conduct her to the Bohemian Court, in hopes to hear there of her dear *Polippus*. The sorrowful *Clarinda* moved likewise to Compassion, promised to assist her in this, or any thing else she should require, and also to engage her Brother to be her Conductor, when she intended to depart, but intreated her to tarry might not be yet. Whilst this Discourse lasted, *Pavimus* came in and saluted his Sister, who had no sooner given him an account of *Viola*'s Misfortunes, and desiring her to describe to him her Knight, he told her, to her great Joy and Satisfaction, that he had lately seen him in the Forrest of *Ard*, but whither he went afterward he knew not; yet at her Request he promised to endeavour to find him out if she would continue there for some time with his Sister; which she agreed to, and so the courteous Knight mounted the next Morning to perform his Promise; he had not rode far, before he met *Tellamore*, Bohemian Knight, one of those that parted from *Parisius* in search of *Viola*, and supposing him to be *Polippus*, he asked him many Questions, that being well satisfied

sied who he was, he told him of *Violetta's* Safety, and what Dangers she had escaped, and that she was then at his Castle, in Company of his Sister *Clarina*, inviting him kindly thither, that he might see and comfort the distressed Lady; but in the Forest, losing their way, they came accidentally into a pleasant Vally, where stood a spacious Tower that glittered like Gold, and for the Beauty and Magnificence of it, it was called, *The Golden Tower*; where *Maximus*, King of *Notahia*, kept his beautiful Daughter *Angelica*, guarded by a thousand choice Knights, and attended by a hundred Ladies; upon the account of a Prophecy made by an Inchantress at her Birth, That Kings and Princes contending for her, should not only waste his Country by War, but even destroy his Life. And this was that fair Lady the Fates design'd for Prince *Parismenos*, as in the Sequel will appear; and here they found *Barzillus*, fighting with a Knight that kept a Tent at the Bridge-foot of the Tower, to forbid Entrance to all without Leave, the Quarrel arising upon his setting light by the Lady's Beauty; but *Barzillus* having put that Knight to the foil, they parted good Friends; and so he went with *Tellamora* and *Parisinus* to comfort *Violetta*, who was overjoy'd to see 'em. And here *Tellamora* fell in Love with the fair *Clarina*, and

mitted to go with the other two Knights, and set the Lady *Madera*, her Mother, free from the Tyranny of the Giant *Brandamore*; the first they met with was *Argale*, the Giant's Brother, who had been out on the Scout, searching the Forrest to see if any Knights were in it, and to give the Giant an account of them; for of late many Lybian Knights had attempted, tho' in vain, to rescue the beautiful *Venola*, the King of *Lybia*'s Daughter, whom *Brandamore* had taken, and kept Prisoner, in hopes to gain her to his Lust, by her Consent; but she all along resisted his Threats and Flatteries. They supposing this Man, by his great Stature, to be the Giant, *Tellamore* thereupon spurring on before the rest, came up with him, and put him to the stand; at which *Argale* growing angry, he very furiously demanded who he was, that durst thus presume to come on forbidden Ground: *I come*, replied he, *to desie thee, Tyrant, that darest to examine and disturb Passengers, with the danger of their Lives; and to set at liberty a Lady thou hast basely Imprisoned; and, I suppose, a Knight, who is my friend, that was not long since in this Forrest, and now is missing.* At this he began scoffingly to answer him, as in Disdain; so that the Knight being enraged, a fierce Combat happened between them, but *Tellamore's* sword breaking, and he being at the Gi-

ant's Mercy, the other Knights came in, so that assailing him on all sides, they with many grievous blows brought him to the Ground; then, crying out to them in a piteous manner to save his Life, he told them he was not *Brandamore*, as he believed they supposed, but his Brother, and would (so they spared taking off his Head, which they were about to do,) be serviceable to them in any thing they would desire: Then he told them that *Pollipus* was Prisoner in the Castle, and that he would not only prevail for his Deliverance, but the Lady *Madera's* likewise; having sworn to do this, and they seeing the Castle very strong, they suffered him to depart; but being got into the Castle, he defied them, and violated his Oath: This so enraged the three Knights, that coming up to the Bridge, they set upon the Giant's Guards, and made a great slaughter of them, insomuch that *Brandamore* issued out with a great Train, and thereupon ensued a bloody and doubtful Combat for many Hours; but then, the Knights weary with killing and laying on mighty Blows, as also faint thro' the loss of Blood, began to give Ground; but Providence so ordered it, that at that very Instant *Parismus* luckily came into their Assistance, and knowing two of 'em by the Device of their Armour, rushed in and laid such heavy Stroaks upon *Branda-*

175
now, that he staggered many Paces; so that the others having time to take Breath, the Combat was again renewed, and as fierce as ever; but the Giant sending for fresh Supplies, the Knights had been worsted, had not an Unknown Knight accidentally come to their Relief, who laid about him with such Fury, that none could stand before him; whereupon the Giant retiring, and thinking to repass the Bridge, he pursued him so close that he forced him to leap into the Moat, where, by the weight of his Armour, he was drowned: Then entering the Castle, they found *Pollipus* had gotten his Chains off, and with an Iron-bar killing his Keepers, in order to come to their Assistance; then they embraced him with much Joy and told him the happy News of *Violenta's* Safety, which was to him the most welcome News in the World. Then they comforted the Ladies; after this, their Wounds were dressed, and refreshing themselves with such things as they found in the Castle, they all embraced the last Unknown Knight, that came so timely to their Assistance: And he the mean while casting his Eyes on the Lady *Violenta*, at first supposed it was she that was presented to him in his Vision, and that now his Travels were at an end; but, alas, he had more Troubles to undergo before Fate would be so kind to him. And so,

so, having rested there that Night, and left the Castle in safe Hands, they departed to see *Violetta*, *Pollipus* being so impatient that he thought every Hour an Age till he was in her Company; the meeting of these long-absent Lovers was with such Joy as cannot be easily expressed, she hung about his Neck, and bedewed his comely Face with Tears; and he almost stifled her with Kisses. And *Tellamore*, who was in love with *Clarina*, was not a little overjoyed to see her dry up her tears and look pleasant, when he told her her Mother was at liberty; and long it was not before he revealed his Passion to her, and had a very favourable Answer returned him; which was, That when she had tried his Constancy, he need not doubt of her good Opinion, and be preferred in her Esteem before any other. So that now every thing seemed very pleasant, and promised great Prosperity. But *Venola*, the King of *Lybia*'s only Daughter, being desirous to return to her Father's Court, the *Knight of Fame*, who was he that came last into the Combat, against the Giant, would needs accompany her, and was received by that King with all the Demonstrations of Joy and Gratitude; and doing many noble Exploits there, the whole Country rung of his Valour; insomuch that the fair Princess casting her Eyes upon

him, and contemplating his Beauty and comely Stature, his courteous Behaviour and ingenious Carriage, from Liking she fell to Loving, and that in so deep a manner, that finding him resolv'd to depart, she shut herself into her Chamber, bathing her Face in Tears, and making many grievous Complaints: which *Flavia*, her Nurse overhearing, went in to her, and with many Entreaties, under the Protestation of keeping it secret, found out the Cause of her Sorrow; and so, to quiet her tender Heart, she undertook, in some measure, to give her some kind of Ease, by staying him longer in the Court: which she did, by giving him a speedy Portion, and writing a Letter to his Companions, that he had a secret Business to undertake, and they should not enquire after him, for at that time he could not go with them, but would follow them in a short space.

This took effectually, for he sleeping a Day and a Night, they went away without him; and at last the fair Princess, with Grief and moving Tears, expressed her Excess of Love to him, that he could not forbear Weeping, because he could not answer her Desires and Deservings, in giving her that Heart which was destined for another; and therefore not being able by his Reasons and Arguments to ease her Sorrow, and ease her troubled Mind,

he

he thought his Absence might best do it, and thereupon he secretly left the Court, leaving her in such Agonies and Afflictions as moved the hardest Heart to relent, especially when she heard that he had withdrawn himself: And in this lamentable Condition we are constrained to leave her, and follow him on his Journey and strange Adventures.

C H A P. V.

How Parismenos, having left the Lybian Court, came to the Valley of the Golden Tower, where he found an Opportunity to Address himself to the fair Angelica, the Lady he had seen in his Dream, and the Discourse that passed between them; how he jested with divers of her Knights, about a Glove she had given him as a Favour, and was, at the Entreaty of Marcellus, King Maximus's Son, taken into her Service; and how his Courtship was discovered, whereupon the Princess was Confined, and he fell into the King's Displeasure.

Parismenos early in the Morning, having left the Lybian Court, and the fair Princess overwhelmed in Sighs and Tears, rode very pensive on, debating with himself about his future Fortune, till he came to a pleasant Valley near the Golden Tower, and there so great a Drowsiness

overcame him, that he found himself constrained to alight, and tying his Horse to a Tree, laid him down on a Mossy Bank, to refresh his weary Limbs; whilst this Drowsiness lasted, and he lay in this Posture, the heavenly fair Princess *Angelica* came by that way with a great Train of Ladies and Knights from the Tower, which he by reason of his Heaviness, had not yet discovered, she then going to meet *Maximus* King of *Natolia*, her Father, who, with his Queen, and Son *Marcellus*, was coming to pass some time in that curious Building, that abounded with all manner of Pleasures; and so fortunately it happened, that the lovely *Angelica* cast her Head aside, and perceiving there so goodly a proportioned Knight, in rich Armour, she sent one of her Guard to rouse him, or see if any Harm had befallen him: At the Touch of the Knight's Lance, and the Noise of the Trumpets, the *Knight of Fame* soon waked, and standing on his Feet, he no sooner saw this divine Creature, but he knew her to be the same that had been presented to him by the Goddess in his Dream; this made his Heart leap for Joy, and him earnestly to demand of the Knight where the Place of her abode was, and her Name; who very courteously told him, as also upon what Occasion she came forth; whereupon he returned him his hearty Thanks, and so he retired to his Father.

Parismenos having now seen what he long had earnestly wished to have a Sight of, was like one transported; yet fancied to himself, that only seeing her, without speaking, would not advance him to the Happiness he expected: wherefore, putting on the utmost of his Courage, he thought he might not have a more favourable time than this, and so strong his Fancy wrought, that it would be difficult to meet with such another, that thrusting in among the Knights of her Guard, bowing one Knee to the Ground, he begged first her Pardon, and then that she would be favourably pleased to hear him in a few Words; and having leave granted, he thus expressed himself: *Most excellent Lady, the Pattern of all Beauty and Virtue, if a Stranger (who has Travelled so far, and undergone so many Hazards and Dangers to have the Felicity of beholding your Divine Perfections, which exceed all mortal Things, and all other Blessings in the World,) may presume upon your Goodness, I humbly make it my Request, That you will command me as your Servant; let the Task be never so difficult, or dangerous, try my Obedience in it, and my Recongrace shall be, that I have done something to please you, to whom my Life is wholly devoted.*

The fair Princess, whilst he uttered these words, marking his comely Proportion and Bravery of Mind, could not but admire

his Courage, that not taking notice of her Guards, durst so boldly intrude into her Presence; and thereupon replied, That he being a Stranger, as he professed, he had done rashly to press so close upon her, and that with a kind of Flattery; which, however, her good Nature would not suffer her to resent it as an Affront: But as to the Service he proffered, she had Servants enough, nor could she entertain any without her Father's Approbation; but she believed if she should put him to it, in many Cases she should find his Words but Boastings, as it had happened by many others.

The Courageous Prince boldly protested, That there was nothing that either Respect or Valour could perform, but he would endeavour it to satisfy her. Hereupon she dropt her Glove, which he dutifully took up, and with a low Congy, presented it to her; but she refused it, ordering him to keep it as a Favour: This she knew would move some of her emulous Knights to try his Courage; which failed not, for one of the chief of them, named Collinus, followed him when he retired, and in a threatening manner, demanded the Princess's Glove, of which great Favour he told him, himself was more worthy than he; at this the noble Parisinus smiled, and said, *I esteem it so highly, that nothing but*

the Princess's absolute Command shall charge it from me: And as for your Worth, I am unacquainted with it, yet doubt not, if the Princess will receive me into her Service and Favour, but to perform as much as you have done, if not exceed you. This enraged the proud and haughty Knight to that degree, that he challenged him to a present Combat, the which he the more rejoiced at, because it would be performed in his Lady's sight; but the valiant Prince at the first Shock tumbled him from his Horse head long; and so he served three or four more that went about to revenge their Fellow's disgrace, whereupon a great number were about to fall upon him; but now King *Maximus* being come up with his Train, and seeing the Contest, sent immediate Orders they should desist, and to bring the strange Knight before him; and when he had examined into the Business, and found him Innocent, he blamed the others, and commended his Courage and Bravery. And at the entreaty of *Marcellus* the King's Son, and the Good-liking of the Princess *Angelica*, he was received into the King's Service; which he took as a happy Fore-runner of his serving himself with his fair Mistress; and so they went altogether to the *Golden Tower*, and there the young Prince of *Natolia* entered into so strict a Friendship with him, that nothing but

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Being arrived at the *Golden Tower*, sumptuous Entertainments were ordered, and tho' *Camillus* and divers other Princes, as well as the *Knight of Fame*, were there, so jealous was the King of the fair *Angelica*, that he divided the Tables, ordering the Queen to feast the Ladies in another Apartment; which, at this time, made our Knight lose the Opportunity of feasting on her Beauties, which he would have done, had she been there, more than on all the Dainties; yet, he dissembled his Sorrow for this one Disappointment; tho' he perceived *Camillus* was so uneasie and concerned at it, that the King took notice of him; and the Feasting being ended, with great Royalty, he took Occasion to tell him of the Suspicion he had, that he came to Court his Daughter; but he dissembled it as well as he could, yet being of a haughty Mind, he was very much inwardly displeased; and soon after, upon some Affronts, hearing the King absolutely intended not to marry her to say, by reason of the foolish Prophecy, as he termed it; he left the Court in a Pet, resolving to bring armed Forces and take her by Violence.

During these Passages, the divine *Angelica* had, above all others, considered the lovely Features, manly Limbs, and courteous Behaviour of the *Knight of Fame*; so that indulging her Fancy, her Mind was so strangely disorder'd, that she knew not what the meaning of it should be; and in her Retirements greatly bewailing her sudden Alteration, fearing that now Love had wounded her tender Heart, which before had been a Stranger to any such Passion; which Blushings, and then Paleness, and then Blushings again, *Anna*, her Maid, who was her chief Favourite and Confidant, perceiving, so pressed her with Intreaties, and Tears in her Eyes, not to hide from her the Cause of her disordered Mind; that the Princess, upon the Maid's vowing to keep it secret, revealed all that had befallen her from the first time she beheld the *Knight of Fame*; whereat, *Anna* confirmed to her, it could be nothing but the growing Seeds of Love sown in her Heart; and, withal, so extolled the Vertues of the Prince, recounting the noble Deeds he had done in *Thrace*, the Forrest of *Abd*, the Lybian Court, and many other places, and also how he was sent, by a Superior Command, to be her Servant; she conceived so good a Liking of him, that soon after he came along with her Brother to pay her a private Visit, in her Chamber; she received

him with very gracious Eyes, and gave him such Answers to his submissive Address, as over-joyed his Heart; so that he thought there was no Creature living more happy than himself, as having in so short a space obtained the Favour, and in a great prospect the Consent of the most beautiful Lady that ever Nature formed; but as nothing is certain, for frequently in the height of our Joys and Expectations, some cross Accident happens, and dashes all again; sudden black Clouds and Storms eclipse the clearest Skies; so happened it in this case, for *Collinus*, who was in love with the Princess, tho' he had not as yet made any Advances that way, for fear of her Displeasure, ill resenting the Favour she had done the *Knight of Fame*, in bestowing her Glove on him, and fancying the Truth of the Matter, had now, by his Spies, discovered this secret Interview, and made it known to the King, which so enraged him, that the Princess was clapt up close Prisoner, under a Guard, of which the Parasite was made Captain, with a strict Command to suffer none to enter without the Royal Signet. The *Knight of Fame* was not only much reviled by the King, but fell extremely into his Displeasure; but this nothing grieved him, compared with the Sorrow he conceived for the Confinement of the Princess; yet Prince

Marcellus, though the King gave him sharp Reproofs for suffering him to speak with his Sister, comforted him in the best manner, bidding him not at all Despair, for he would farther his Love, and so bring it about, when the King's Passion was over not only to release his Sister, but restore him again to Favour.

The Princess, in her Confinement, was as much perplexed as he, grieving the King should offer such Indignity to one that had never injured him, but appeared to be one of the courteousest Knights in the World: and tho' she looked lovely in Tears, she injured her beauteous Face in often shedding them, and complaining of her hard Destiny; nor could she rest, tho' *Anna* did all she could to comfort her with gentle Speeches and Persuasions, till she had sent her to learn how the Knight took the King's Anger; but withal, ordered her to do it secretly that he might not know she had taken any Care about it.

And now, whilst *Marcellus* was labouring to restore them to their late Happiness, a cross Wind, from an unexpected Coast, shipwreck'd all their Hopes, and drove them on the Quick-sands of Despair, as will appear in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Now, upon a false Accusation of the King of Lybia, sent to inform Maximus, he had Ravished his Daughter Venola, and desiring him to take Revenge, he was cast into the Lion's Den to be devoured, and by what wonderful means he escaped; how joyfully Marcellus and the Princess recovered him, and of the strange Disappointment that after befell them; how Parismenos came, by a wonderful means, to the Knowledge of his Royal Parents, and other matters.



TO the former Cross of the Royal Lovers, greater yet ensued, which went very near to destroy all their Happiness; you have heard how the Princess Venola, Daughter

daughter to the King of *Lycia*, having
been freed from *Brandamore's* Castle, by
the *Knight of Fame*, fell desperately in Love
with him, and how he secretly departed
to avoid her Importunities: She no sooner
had notice from *Flavia* her Maid, but here-
upon tormenting herself with Grief and
Sorrow to be defeated, she fell into a dange-
rous Sickneſs, to the great Perplexity of
the King her Father, who dearly loved
her; no Care was wanting to recover her,
but her Bodily Diſeaſe being fed by that
of the Mind, deriding all Art, brought
her for a long time in a very low Condition,
when in the mean while News was brought
her, that the Knight ſhe loved was in the
Atolian Court, and what elſe had paſſed
on the occaſion of his Love to *Angelica*.
This Lady was naturally proud, and ſcorn-
ing to be ſlighted for another, whoſe Beauty
ſhe knew not but might be inferiour to
hers; and thereupon an Anger of Mind a-
roſe in her to that degree, that over-pow-
ering the Flame of Love, converted her
Thoughts into Studies of Revenge and im-
mortal Hatred; which ſhe communicating
to *Flavia*, her Maid, who had negotiated
for her with *Parismeno*, ſhe promiſed to
further her therein; and in a little time
took an Opportunity to tell the King a
faſe Story, with feigned Tears, that his
Daughter's Sickneſs proceeded from an A-
buſe

base and Outrage offered her by the King
of Fame, whom he had so kindly enter-
tained in his Court, though he was unwor-
thy of it: For, continued she, presuming
upon the good Office he did the Princess, in re-
leasing her from the Giant's Castle, he at last
grew bold, on the Civilities and Respects she
shewed him, misconstruing her Meaning therein
having her in a private Walk in the Garden
forcibly ravished her; and then for fear of Pun-
ishment, secretly fled from Court, and is now
in Natolia, at the Golden Tower, labouring
to practice such another Villany on the Princess
Angelita. But why, said the King, did not
my Daughter discover this sooner? Being in a
very great Rage, and storming up and
down the Room: Alas! said she, con-
tinuing her Tears, Shame withheld her from
it, because that though she cried aloud none came
timely to her Rescue.

This plausible Story the King believed
againstt he most vertuous Prince upon
Earth; and immediately wrote a Letter to
the King of *Natolia*, to certifie him of the
Abuse, and what an Imposture he had in
his Court, who, no doubt, came to use his
Daughter, by his sly Insinuations into her
Affections, in the same dishonourable man-
ner; which is such an Outrage to Prince
Courts, that it is not to be born; and
therefore, with many other aggravating
Circumstances, intreated him to send the
Knight

of *Fane* bound to him, or that he could himself revenge an Injury reflecting highly on all Princes, on the Person of the Traytor.

King *Maximus* had no sooner read this, but his former Prejudice made him believe; and therefore, without any Examination farther, he secretly sent a strong Guard to apprehend him, and accordingly he was surprized in his Bed, and by the cruel Order they had, hurried him to the Lion's Den, into which he was cast, notwithstanding his appealing to Justice, and entreating he might be heard to clear his Honour, which he valued dearer than his life.

Marcellus no sooner heard of this Outrage on his Friend, but like one distracted, he had like to have laid violent Hands upon himself; and because *Collinus* resisted him in going to carry the dreadful News to the deplorable *Angelica*, and he supposing he was the Man that had brought the *Knight of Fame* to this dismal End, he drew his Sword, and after a fierce Combat between them, forced his Passage through his Heart. The poor *Angelica* no sooner heard the fatal sound from her Brother's Lips, that the Man, whom she loved above all the World, was unjustly slain in a barbarous manner; but, forgetting her Duty, even at that time, which she had never been guilty of before.

before, reproaching her Father with human Tyranny, and bursting forth in loud Laments and Cries, she fell down Dead on the Floor, which caused great Weeping and Lamentation among the Maids, till they saw, by the means thereof, her Life returned again.

All this while *Parismenos* was alive in the Lion's Den, contrary to all Expectation for tho' those furious Beasts kept a horrible Roaring, and were very Hungry, yet the Scent of Royal Blood charmed them in Mildness, according to the natural Instinct of that noble Creature, that he had no hurt but by pinching Famine, which grew fast upon him, so that he was forced to feed on the nauseous Food that was thrown to the Lions in that dark and dismal place till at last, the Keeper drawing up the Door of another Partition of the Den for them to enter into, whilst he cleaned the wherein they were, and driving them into it with a long Pole, he came down by a Ladder of Ropes, having a Pully fastned to the the top, to draw up the Excrement not dreaming of *Parismenos* being alive but he was no sooner on the Ground, but the poor half-starv'd Prince, creeping from a dark corner of the Cave, seiz'd his Sword and clapping it to his Breast, told him he was a dead Man, if he offered to cry out. The poor amazed Wretch, not knowing

what to think of this sudden Surprise,
 trembling fell on his Knees and intreated
 he would not kill him, and whatsoever he
 desired he would perform to the utmost
 of his Power. Then the Prince declared
 to him his Innocency, and by what Mira-
 cle he had been saved by the Lions, and
 that now, all the People concluding him
 Dead, he requested only of him, that he
 would convey him privately to his House,
 and swear Secrecy. This he solemnly pro-
 mised, whereupon, to chain him the surer
 to his Interest, he gave him store of Gold;
 and he was after very faithful to him, con-
 triving it so, that Prince *Marcellus* came
 to him; and soon after, to her great Joy
 the Princess, who had so long bewailed his
 Death, had News from her Brother of his
 wonderful Deliverance; which, without
 great Difficulty, she could not believe,
 thinking it an invented Story to hush her
 Sorrows; but at last, confirmed of it, by
 his sending the Glove she had given him,
 her Sorrows was turned into Joy and Com-
 fort, and she resolved to escape, if possible,
 and go with him into *Bohemia*: And there-
 fore, secretly order'd him to retire to a
 Hermit's Cell, four Miles from the *Golden*
Tower, and, using *Marcellus's* Name, he
 should be kindly entertained by the Her-
 mit, and that she would endeavour to e-
 scape and come to him.

This Mandate with Joy he obeyed, and
found by the Token good Entertainment
but alas, another cross Accident happened
for though her first Hopes promised fair
the latter frustrated all, it so fell out, that
Maximus knowing *Camillus* to be retired
into his own Country, and the *Knight*
Fame he supposed to be Dead, began to re-
move his Fears, and, at the Instance of his
Queen, to Compassionate his Daughter's
Sufferings, and going to her, after a little
Chiding her for her Folly in setting her
Love on the knew not who, he comforted
her in the best manner he could, and to
hush her Sorrows, proposed she should go
with him a Hunting, charging *Marcellus*
to attend her with a Guard; so that now
they thought their Stars smiled on them.
The time being come, they set out with a
very Splendid Train, the Guard her Bro-
ther had appointed being all his Friends
who promised to do whatever he should
direct: so they lagged behind the King
and the rest, to make their Escape, when
they were eager in pursuite of the Game
but, unluckily for them, they fell into an
Ambush, *Camillus*, who was returned, had
laid, upon notice they were to Hunt that
Day; but so well the Prince and his *Knight*
defended her, that the Assassins were beat off
and forced to retire; yet the Noise of the
Fight brought the King thither and im-
mediately

immediately the Dogs were called in, the Hunting left off, and the Princes, to her great Sorrow, reconveyed to the *Golden Tower*. This was unknown to *Parismos*, wherefore wandering abroad to enquire for News, seeing he had waited several days in vain, he was discovered by two of *Maximus's* Knights, who fled from him, supposing it was his Ghost, seeing every body concluded him dead; yet thinking he should be by them discovered, weighing all circumstances in his mind, and thinking it might prove prejudicial to his Princess, he resolved to leave a Letter with the Hermet for *Marcellus*, and another for his beloved Lady, with the Promise of a speedy Return, when things should be better settled, and so pass to *Bohemia*, to keep his Promise with *Parismus*, and require his Advice and Aid in this Enterprize, seeing thro' the many changes and difficulties that happened, he found himself not very capable of performing it alone.

This being put in practice, he rode sad and pensive thro' many desolate Places, till he came to the Confines of *Bohemia*, where, in a Forrest, he heard a Lady make pitious Cries: so, directed by the Voice, he rushed in, and found a Knight armed, with a beautiful Lady prostrate at his Feet, in order to ravish her; whereupon he defied him, crying, *Uncourteous Knight, what is the*

meaning of this Outrage, contrary to the Law of Arms and Humanity? The other made no answer, but immediately mourning charged him very furiously, but in the first Encounter he was overthrown; upon which the Lady cried out, *O let him not escape, it is the Tyrant Archas, that has wrought me so many Miseries, and filled the Country with Villanies.* Upon which, looking on her, he knew her to be *Violetta*, his Friend *Pollipus's* virtuous Lady; whereupon he made him his Prisoner, and led him, with *Violetta*, unto the Bohemian Court, where, disdaining to answer to the many Crimes and Outrages laid to his Charge, and they being nevertheless fully proved against him, he was, by the King's Command, beheaded, and his Castle demolished.

Here the *Knight of Fame* was welcomed with all imaginable Expressions of Joy, by *Parismus* and *Laurana*, to whom he gave an account of all his Adventures since he parted from the Thracian Court, and by what means he was detained there when, accidentally opening his Bosom, *Laurana* espied a Jewel hanging about his Neck, which she knew she had left with her Son when he was taken from her in the *Tartarian Island of Rocks*, which she looked pale, and started; but while *Parismus*, who supposed some sudden Sickness had seized her, was going to take her into his Arms, and enquire the Cause of that Alteration, a violent Thunder-clap broke over the Palace, and a mighty Tempest followed, with such Darkness that they could not see one another; at which the Ghost of his Nurse appeared, with a Taper in her Hand, and expressed these words:

*Prince of Bohemia, welcome home thy Son,
Who has for Fame so many Dangers run.*

*I saved his Life, when doom'd to die,
And from his cruel Foe did with him flee;
But I being slain, he Fortune did pursue,
Yet nothing who his Parents were he knew;
Therefore I am commanded to reveal,
What the kind Fates no longer will conceal.*

Upon this, she vanished in a Flame of Fire, leaving them all in a great Fright and Consternation; but coming to themselves, and comparing all Circumstances, every thing was so agreeable, that there was no room for doubt: *Laurana*, transported at this, embraced him, and wept for Joy, and *Parisinus* could not refrain from Tears; so that it was long e'er they could come to a free discourse again; which when they did, the News being spread over the Country, the universal Joy was so great that we shall not here undertake to describe it. And soon after this he made known his Love to the fair Princess *Angelica*, whereupon every one promised to assist him all they could in it.

CHAP. VII.

How Parismenos went again into Natolia, and the means he used to see his beautiful Princess; with whom, and Marcellus, he escaped to a Harmer's Cave; how they were discovered there by the means of an Eunuch; how the Princess Angelica was confined to straight Imprisonment, Marcellus banished, and Parismenos loaded with Irons and cast into a Dungeon, and by what means he escaped; how Pollipus and Parisinus arrived with a mighty Army, and of the Battles that were fought with Maximus's Forces, &c.



Petrus having thus far found happy success
 to remove one main Doubt in the truth of
 Parents, as being descended of one of the nob
 Families in *Europe*; was not a little rejoiced,
 well because of the Assistance he expected from
 such an Alliance, to further his Design, if occas
 should require it, as for that he might the bold
 claim one of Royal Blood; but having sett
 every thing to his mind in that Court,
 Thoughts, which were still in the *Golden Tor*
 with his beautiful Mistress, prompted him to
 speedily in keeping his Promise with her, lest
 should doubt of his Constancy and Fidelity;
 so, having communicated his Intention to his
 Father and Mother, his Relations were so far w
 them, who well understood the Rules of Love
 Honour, that they could not gainst his Dep
 are, though they dismissed him with Tears.
 The first place he went to, when he came
 Kingdom of *Aravia*, was to the Hermit

well, where he was kindly received by the good
 Man, who had delivered his Letters, and told
 him all he knew of what had happened, for Mar-
 cellus a little after his departure, found an oppor-
 tunity to withdraw himself from the Court, and
 came thither in disguise, being much troubled he
 did not find the *Knight of Fame* there; and by
 the means of this Hermet, who passed unsuspected
 on all occasions, the two noble Friends met in a
 private some distance from the *Golden Tower*, and
 afterwards came to his Cave, where they told each
 other all that had befallen: *Marcellus* was exceed-
 ing glad to hear he was Son to *Parismenes*, whose
 Name and Renown had long before furnished the
 World with Discourse of his Valour and Ver-
 ties.

Having plentifully rewarded the Hermet for
 his Kindness, and having got disguised Habits,
 they resolved, in the Night, to go to a little Vil-
 lage near the *Golden Tower*, where once *Pengon*,
 who had been Nurse to *Marcellus*, dwelt, and to
 whose Secrecy he confided; here they contrived
 to steal away *Angelica*, and by counterfeiting the
 King's Letter, they both got admittance into the
Golden Tower, and by it *Parismenes* was appointed,
 a trusty Knight in whom the King had great
 Fidelity, Captain of the Guard, till his coming,
 further Orders; the King's Signet was so arti-
 ficially affixed to this Letter of Credence, that it
 passed all scruple; so that behaving himself liber-
 ally and courteously, he soon gained all their loves,
 as likewise the Eunuch's, who kept the Door of
 the Lady's Chamber; and by their means got an
 opportunity to speak with her, by the help of
 her Maid; who, overjoy'd at the sight of
 him, could scarce be kept from swooning in his
 Arms; but the time being short, and a discover-

ry being made, might bring them in worse danger then ever; it was agreed, that Night, that he and *Marcellus* should convey her in one of the Eunuch's Apparel, which he had bribed to his interest, out of the Castle, which he might the better do, by reason he kept the Key of the Out-gates every Night: To be brief, they made as happy an escape as Lovers could wish, had the Destinies consented; but, alas! more Misery ensued. Those Eunuch's that were not privy to the Design, fearing their Lives, made known her escape to the King, before they could get out of his reach, with the Means, as far as they could guess, by which it was brought about; which made him haste to the *Golden Tower*, from his City of *Ephesus*, and send out his Guards every-where to apprehend her; and such a confusion there was, that both Court and Country seemed to be in an Uproar; the King stormed, and the Queen wept, especially when she knew her Son *Marcellus* had carried with him *Dulcia*, a Lady of the Court, of a mean Fortune, whom he had a long time courted, in order to make her a Princess and Queen, after the Death of his Father. Many Days they sought, but no News could be had of them, for they shelter'd the Ladies in the Hermit's Cell; and their own Disguise was such as they could not be easily discovered, having changed Armour with some *Gartullan* Knights, who were their Friends; and so hoping, when the search was over, they might get safely into *Bohemia*; but the Cell being very close, and the Weather sultry, *Angelica* grew faint, so that in the Evening, *Parismena* ventured to lead her out in a back Walk, covered with pleasant Shades, to refresh her in the cooler Air; but at length setting down on a Bank of Flowers, and wishing for a speedy escape thence, one of

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the Eunuch's, who had fled the King's Anger to save his Life, lying pensive in a Thicket, overheard their Discourse, and knowing their Voices, watched them back to the Cell; and to get into Favour again, immediately run and told the King, who made no delay to arm his Knights and Nobles, and immediately surrounded the Cell, commanding all within to come out on pain of Death; upon this, *Angelica* and *Dulcis* trembled exceedingly; but *Parismenos*, grasping his Sword, defended the Passage, till he had slain twenty Knights, who pressed on, and had made greater slaughter, if *Marcellus* had not perswaded him to yield, seeing there was no hope to overcome so many.

Having, hereupon, delivered up his Sword to the King, and asked his Pardon, owning of his Love to *Angelica*, and declaring who he was by Birth; he was immediately made Prisoner, loaded with Bolts and Chains, and cast into a deep dark Dungeon: *Angelica* was stript of her Royal Ornaments, cast into a filthy Prison, with *Anna* her Maid, and *Marcellus* banished, whilst *Parismenos*, or the *Knight of Fame*, lay every Hour expecting his Death; he, at last, thought of a Way to free himself from the Misery he endured, which he did, by feigning himself a dying, and enticing the Goaler to free him, upon promise of great Rewards in hand, and the discovery of an infinite Treasure he had hid in the Fields; when immediately assailing him with one of the Iron-bolts, he got off of his Legs, and he, making a resistance, fell by a Blow *Parismenos* gave him; who, thereupon took the Keys, and unlocked his Irons, getting out of the Dungeon, and shutting the Door.

Being thus at liberty, he thought it not conve-

ment to stay in the Court, hearing his Death was
 absolutely decreed in a few Days; whereupon he
 hasted to the Fields, escaping disguised in the
 Goaler's Habit, and within a few Miles found
 the Plains covered with armed Men, which he
 knew to be Bohemians, which made him greatly
 wonder; and therefore addressing himself to their
 General, he found him to be *Pollipus*, and there-
 fore, the boldlier demanded the cause of their
 coming; who boldly told him, it was to rescue
Parismenos from Captivity; and that *Parisminus*,
 having notice of what had happened by the Her-
 met, had sent him with those Troops to vindi-
 cate his Honour, and make the King of *Natalia*
 do him reason, in giving him his Daughter in
 Marriage. Upon this he discovered himself, to
 the great Joy of *Pollipus*, and told him all the
 Circumstances, and by what Means he had esca-
 ped from his dismal Dungeon; and so, mounting
 among the other Knights, they concluded to send
 defiance to *Maximian*, and march to the Walls of
Ephesus; whereupon he issued forth with a migh-
 ty Army, which the Bohemians, in a bloody
 Battel, cut almost all to pieces; *Parismenos* and *Pol-
 lipus* doing Wonders in the Fight, cutting their
 Way through whole Squadrons, till they were
 stopped by the Heaps of dead Bodies they had
 slain. So that *Maximian*, finding himself too weak
 to resist their Courage, sent to the Kings of *Lybia*
 and *Barbary* to come to his assistance; the former
 of which came in Person to be revenged on the
 Knight of *Fame*, for the Injury he supposed he
 had done *Vanola* his Daughter, bringing with him
 fifty thousand Men; and the King of *Barbary* sent
 a hundred thousand, under *Santo de Lodora*, his
 Son; so that all the Plains were covered with
 armed Forces: but, before they joined Battel, *Pa-
 risminus*

was *Parismenos* luckily came with fifty thousand Bohemians
on he and Theſſalians, and, in a ſecond bloody Fight,
the overthrew them with incredible ſlaughter; ſo that
bound they bear a Parly of Truce for a Day, in which
h he ſine *Maximus* came out of the City, attended by
eatly the Lybian King, the Prince of *Barbary*, and di-
their vers others, who demanded of *Parismenos*, what
ere- the reaſon was he invaded his Country? Who
their told him, it was for the injury he had done his
ſcuse Son; and therefore demanded, that he would
Parismenos, deliver his Daughter to him, or vowed not to de-
Her- part till he had taken the City, and compelled
indi- him to do Reaſon. To this he gave only a ſlight
talia Answer, telling him, His Threats were but vain,
r im- for ſhe ſhould rather die with himſelf, and all his
to People, than it ſhould be done; and ſo returned
the to the City.

C H A P. VIII.

*How Maximus King of Natolia engaged at his Loſ-
ſes, and thinking Parismenos ſtill in Priſon, con-
demned him, without hearing, to be burnt alive,
but was deceived, finding the Goaler dead in the
Dungeon; of the pious Cries and Laments of
Angelica and Marcellus, and the Violence they
offered to themſelves; how the City of Boheſia
was ſtormed and taken by the Bohemians, with the
miſerable Death of Maximus, and how Angelica
was ſtolen from the Temple of Hymen, and by
what means recovered, and at laſt happily Mar-
ried to Prince Parismenos, the Knight of Patmos.*



Atacimus, much enraged at the Demands of *Parismus*, immediately called a Council of his Nobles, to consider what was to be done; who advised him, the better to satisfy the People, and compose Differences, to recall his Son from Banishment, and set the Princess and *Parismenos* at liberty: The two first, with some difficulty, he consented to, but as to the latter, he utterly refused it, being incited by the King of *Lybia* to revenge; and so hotly he pursued it, that knowing nothing of *Parismenos's* escape, he caused him to be sought, and condemned for Ravishment, without being cited or heard, as a Ravisher of a Royal Daughter, and to be doomed for it to the Flames; immediately sending to the Prison to fetch him; but instead of him, they brought the Goaler in a Hurry, who died of his Wounds in the Dungeon; but, however, the King would have his Holy Justice, to finish the Sentence.

The fair *Angelica*, hearing of this dismal intended Tragedy, and knowing nothing of *Pericles's* escape, resolved to make one in it, and burn herself with him in the Flames; therefore, with a Dagger in her Hand, she forced her way through her Maids; who, fearing she would injure her precious Life, laboured to restrain her Fury; and, running to the Funeral-pile, with her Hair tore, and her beautiful Face defiled with Tears and Blood, she searched for him; but finding he was not there, addressed herself to the King in a piteous manner, to beg Pardon for her Lover, telling him her Life was bound up with his, and that she would by no means out-live him. Whereupon, without regarding her piteous Moans, he ordered her to be seized; but she, clapping a Dagger to her panting Breasts, vowed to stab herself, if any one approached to lay hold on her, reviling him as a cruel Tyrant, for taking away the Life of the most loyal, virtuous and valiant Knights in the World, with many other Expressions full of Grief and Indignation. In the meanwhile *Marcellus* came with his drawn Sword, as one distracted, and, seeing her in that condition, embraced her tenderly, saying, Now, my dear *Angelica*, I see thou art worthy of this poor Prince's Love, whom they have cruelly slain in Prison, fearing he should be rescued, if they brought him to the Stake alive. Take Courage then, my dear Sister, and with me kill thy self as his Horse; so shall our Names of Love and true Friendship be as lasting as the World, and build us Monuments of Honour and Glory to all Posterity. Ah! my dear Brother, said she, I had done it alone, but now I will be more noble in your Company; come, let us die together, since my cruel Father thought him not worthy of Life, for whom I only have lived thus long.

Thus desperately bent, they went to view the dead Body, that they might have a sight of him e'er they follow'd him into the other World; but earnestly looking on the ghastly Visage, they found it was not he: This gave some Comfort to their distracted Minds, and made them hope the King had only put this Tryal upon them, to discover their Affections to the *Knight of Fame*, and that it might be the Body of some Knight slain in the Barrel; so that they desisted from the Violence they intended, and went towards the Place where *Maximus*, the King of *Lybia*, and the Moorish Prince sat to see the Body burned, to make further Intercession; but, in the mean while, a Knight, all bloody, and almost breathless, came riding up, parting the Crowd on either side, and bowing low to *Maximus*, said, *Mighty Monarch, and you the Nobles, haste to the Field before the Day is utterly lost; the Enemy are Victors in three Battails over your Army, whose Courage faints for want of their General's Presence.*

This News, and the Cries that were made at a distance, made them abruptly break up the Assembly, arm, mount, and immediately hasten to the Field, where they found all their Squadrons in rout and disorder, fearfully flying, and miserably slaughtered by the Pursuers; so that they laboured in vain to make 'em rally: In the mean while, the Pursuers seizing the Gates of the City of *Agosus*, entered pell-mell with the Flyers, the two Kings being the foremost that entered, when they saw their Men would not stand the Fight; however, being within the Walls of the City, the fearful Cries of the Ladies, their Wives and Children, &c. made them renew a desperate Fight, in a large Square before the Palace, and the Pursuers, who had been so much injured by the

was, yet, in respect he was *Angelica's* Father, laboured all he could to save him, whilst in a desperate manner he thrust himself into the midst of the Throng, he could not do it; for, being beaten down by a Bohemian Knight, who knew him not, he miserably perished, being trampled to pieces under the Horses Feet! And so the Prophecy at his Daughter's Birth was fulfilled by his Rashness and Folly, the which by his Prudence might have been avoided. Upon this, the King of *Lybia* fled with his broken Troops out at the Posterns of the City, returning into his own Country with shame, and the loss of thirty thousand Men.

The City being thus won, the Soldiers were commanded to spare both the Lives and Goods of the Citizens, and *Parismene* hastened to the Palace, to secure his dear *Angelica* from any Violence that might happen to her in such a distracted time; at the entrance of which he found *Marcellus* with his Sword drawn, and a strong Guard to secure it; but he no sooner made himself known, but, throwing down his Sword, *Marcellus* embraced him, crying, *Alas! my dear Brother, to what wonderful Providence do we owe your Life, whose Death, only reported, has caused such Sorrow in me and my Sister.* Hereupon *Parismene* told him all that had befallen him; so that with much Joy they went to *Angelica's* Chamber; who, at the sight of her dear Knight, fancying it could be no other than his Ghost, had like to have swooned away; but he embracing her tenderly, and making her see it was he himself, and no Shadow, weeping over each other a while, they recounted the Hardships they had endured; and now began to consider, that Heaven smiled on them to make them amends for their Sufferings.

Yet

Yet the fair *Angelica* was much concerned when she heard her Father was dead; but *Parismenos* shewing her it was his own Rashness brought him to that untimely end; and how he, for her sake, had laboured to save him, who had been his mortal Enemy, she was better comforted. And in a great Assembly of the States, *Marcellus* was appointed King instead of his Father; and afterwards married the Lady *Dulcia*, who had suffered so many Hardships for him, living happily with her all his Days.

And now, the Court being full of Nobility, by the arrival of *Camillus*, the King of *Thrace*, and divers others who had brought Armies to right the Injuries of *Parismenos*, great Preparations, by the consent of all, were made for his Marriage with the fair Princess *Angelica*, whom they allowed so worthily to have deserved her; but as the Custom of the Country was, she, going to *Hyrcania's* Temple to offer Sacrifice, very slenderly guarded, was taken thence by *Irus* King of *Tunisia*, but rescued from him, on his Way to his own Country, by *Iconius*, a banished Duke of *Natalia*, who lived in a Desert-cave.

This unexpected Misfortune caused great grief, and much search was made for her a long time, but all in vain, whilst *Irus*, making Friendship with *Iconius*, had often opportunities to visit her, but one proved a fatal one, for in *Iconius's* absence, going to ravish her, *Anna* her Maid killed him with his own Dagger, and dragged his Body into a Pit, covering it over with Stones: During this *Iconius* had met with *Parismenos*, on the edge of the Forrest, who was still in pursuit of his fair Princess; and, after a sharp Contest between them, they agreed as Friends, and *Iconius* invited him unto his Cave; when entering in, and seeing the

where rack of Iconius's Blood ; and going to the Pit, and
finding him their dead, he charged the Murderer
upon *Anna* ; who boldly confessed it, telling him
for what reason she had done it ; whereupon in a
rage, he drew his Sword, wrapped his Hand in
her Hair, and offered to kill her : But *Parismenos*
stopped his Hand, desiring him, as all Knights
ought, to be more gentle to a Damozel ; for cer-
tainly her tender Heart could not do so cruel a
Deed without a great Provocation ; but he per-
sisting in his Fury, *Parismenos* forced her loose from
him, and told him, if he would kill her, he should
make his Way through him to her Heart : Where-
upon a fierce Combat began between them, in
which the Prince was Conquerour, laying his
Enemy at his Feet ; who, begging Mercy, had
his Life spared ; upon which, *Parismenos* lifting
up his Helmet, *Anna* no sooner espied him by the
twilight that entered into the Cave, but running
to him, with open Arms, saying, *O my dear Lord* ;
and thereupon imbraced him : he thought he
knew her Face, but by her Voice he was perfect-
ly convinced it was the Princess *Angelica's* Maid,
and thereupon his Heart leaped for Joy, in hopes
the being taken Prisoner with her, her Mistress was
not far off ; which she soon confirmed him in, tel-
ling all the Story from their first being taken from
the Temple to that time ; whereupon hasting, by
her Directions, into a melancholy Retirement
within the Cave, he found his disconsolate Prin-
cess ; who, supposing him to be *Iconius* returned,
(for she was there so close that she had heard no-
thing of the Combat,) she intreated him to take
away her Life, rather than keep her in such me-
lancholy sadness for the want of her dear Lord
Parismenos ; and so went on to express the
Passion she had for him ; which did not a little

overjoy him, but when floods of tears burst from her fair Eyes, he could no longer conceal himself; his sight so unexpected, was to her as the appearance of an Angel, she dried up her tears, and embraced him tenderly; and, telling him some good Offices *Iconius* had done her, he took at last pity of him, and caused *Anna* to unlace his Helmet to give him free air, and dress his wounds, so that in a short time he recovered, and thereupon they prepared to depart to *Bohemia*, and concluded it the safest way to pass by Sea, seeing there were so many Forrests and dangerous Places to go through, if they went by Land.

Iconius no sooner knew this, but he proffered to go with them, and get safe Passage, bargaining with one *Theorotus* a Merchant, to carry them into *Germany*; but, by the way, being bribed by a *Sclavonian* Knight, (who had beheld the excellent Beauty of the Princess *Angelica*, and was a Passenger in the Ship,) to carry them to his Country, where he thought, by force, or perswasion, to gain the Lady to his lust. But being on the Coast of that Country, the angry Heavens began to frown at such Trachery, so that a mighty Tempest swelling the Seas, the Ship was driven on a Rock, and broke to pieces; but Providence so ordered it, that *Parismenas* and *Angelica*, floating on a broken part of the Ship, were taken up by a Fisherman, and landed in *Thessaly*, where, having News that *Parismenas* and *Laurina* were then at the *Thessalian* Court, they repaired thither, and were highly welcomed by them, and King *Dionysius*, their Grandfather; Feasting held many Days, and the general Joy spread wide every-where. And now concluding that there was an end of their many Crosses and Sorrows, by the general Consent of all, they were married, with all imagi-

ble Pomp and Royalty, Feasting being held for forty Days; and many brave Encounters in Jousting happened, wherein the princely Bridegroom exceeded all other Knights in Valour, as much as his Royal Bride did all the other Ladies in Beauty and the excellent Adornment of her Mind. And so all their Days they lived in great Joy and Felicity, enjoying, after their Grandfather's Death, the Thessalian Crown, leaving only a Son and Daughter behind them, whose Fame has since filled the World with Wonder and Esteem.

The End of the Second Part.



The Famous and Renowned
History of PARISMUS.

The Third Part.

CHAP. I.

How Parismenos, being wedded to fair Angelica, and blessed with a Son, whom they named Parismenides. How Dionysius dying, left them his Kingdom of Thessaly; and of a strange Adventure that befel the King, Queen and Nobles, in hunting a Boar, by reason of a strange Enchantment.



After the Happy Marriage of *Parismenos* and the beauntious Princess *Angelica* was celebrated, with all imaginable Pomp and Grandure, to their exceeding Contentment and Satisfaction, enjoying the Sweets and mellowing

Pleasures of Love in Mutual Affection and the highest Transports of earthly Felicity, the fair Princess found her Womb encrease with a growing Burthen to her and her Lord's transcendent Satisfaction, and of all their noble Friends.

Great care was taken of her, during her Pregnancy, to prevent Miscarriage, or any other Defect that might happen; and, in process of time, she was delivered of a fair Son, smiling even at his Birth; thereby, like *Hercules*, promising Wonders to the World, when he should come of sufficient Age to perform those mighty Things that I hereafter shall relate of him.

His Birth, promising Feature, and Virtues, gave unspeakable Joy to the whole Court, insomuch that for forty Days there was nothing but Feasting, Pastimes and Acts of Chivalry performed; in the latter of which, *Parisius*, *Parisineor* and *Pollipus* undertook to Just against all comers, and so nobly behaved themselves, that they unhorsed many gallant Princes and Knights of great Renown, and laid their Glory level with the Dust, whenas they thought to pluck some Plume of Fame, to make them more gracious in their Mistresses Eyes; for the Fame of this great Occasion had brought many of their Princesses and Ladies to Court, who now were Spectatresses of what happened; but, to name the Particulars that passed, would, I fear, be too tedious to the Reader, and swell too much this little Book, let it suffice then, that nothing was omitted that may be counted delightful, brave and great.

But this Scene of Joy, within a little time after, was obscured with a dusky Cloud of Sorrow; for the Death of *Dionysius*, King of *Thessaly*, who by his last Will and Testament had bequeathed his Crown and Succession of his large Dominions to

166 The Famous History of
Parismenos and his fair *Angelica*; he died indeed
in a good old Age, full of Honour, gained not only
by the achievement of many Victories, and en-
larging his Kingdom by additional Conquests,
but more by his great Courtesie and Affability,
being charitable to all, and a lover of Virtue, ma-
king it his delight to encourage vertuous and well
deserving Men. He was buried in great Pomp,
in the famed City of *Thebes*, and had a stately
Monument erected to his lasting Memory, with
this Inscription.

*Here lies great Dionysius, whose due Praise
Fame thro' the World shall spread to After-days;
In Truth none valiantier was found than he,
In Age strict Virtue, Love and Piety,
A Son and Sire to Kings, had he been neither,
'Tis Praise enough he was Lurana's Father.*

After the Funeral-solemnities were over, ha-
ving been kept with all the solemn Pomp imagi-
nable, to change the doleful Scene of Sorrow,
that commanded many Tears from the Eyes of
all, *Parismenos* and *Angelica* were crowned King
and Queen of *Theffaly*; and, being settled in all
manner of Honour, Peace and Tranquility, recei-
ving the willing Homage from their Loyal Subjects,
Parisinus and *Laurana*, after many Endeavours,
departed to *Bulmaria*, where, at their arrival, they
were received with great Rejoycing; also young
Marcellus, Brother to the fair *Angelica*, taking
leave, departed into his own Country, as did ma-
ny other Princes and valiant Knights, some to
look after their Affairs at Home, and others to
seek Adventures.

Whilst Queen *Angelica* and the King her Hus-
band were wrapt in a Thousand Joys, often re-
flecting

flecting upon their former Sufferings and the many Misfortunes that had befallen them, concluding, by a miraculous Providence, they were now at an end, and their happy Days smiled upon them, and blessed in a hopeful Infant; whom, in his Baptism, as I should have told you, they named *Parismenides*, a Name signifying he descended from the Royal Stock of *Bohemia*, *Parismis* and *Disimus* being Godfathers, and the fair *Violetta* Godmother, an unlucky Chance befel, that dashed and damp't their Joys on a suddain, for it so happened that several noble Persons coming to wait on them, and pay them a Visit, out of respect to their Fame and Verue, King *Parismenos*, after a royal Entertainment given, invited them to hunt in a neighbouring Forrest, where the Huntsmen having lodged their Game beforehand, to make the Recreation more easie without toil of tedious search, soon rouzed from his Thicket a furious bristly Boar, at the sight of whom, the Dogs being uncoupled, pursued eagerly, with a loud Cry, the Horns blew, and the Huntsmen cry'd after him in their usual manner, which, altogether, made a terrible Noise to the Ladies, though pleasing to the Princes and valiant Knights, whose Professions had accustomed them to more dreadful Alarums; the Boar entered into the thickest of the Forrest to shelter himself, as well as he might from his Partners, and held them a tedious Chase, sometimes turning to the fighting and dispersing the Dogs, with his huge sharp Tusks, not without Killing and wounding many of them; and again, when he found he was hard beset and over-marched, turning tale and flying till he came to a steep Ridge of a Rock, that almost thwarted the Forrest in that place; here he made a full stop, as being able to get no further, and, whilst he

held the Dogs at Bay, *Parismeno*; rushing in with his Javelin, thrust it so far in his Breast, that, with a great Cry, he fell down dead, which caused a universal Shout, in token of Victory; his horrible Head he struck off with his Sword, and presented it as his first Trophy since their Nuptials to his fair *Angelica*; who ordering it to the care of the Wood-men, together with the Carcase to carry to the Palace. It being now near Sun-set, all the Company prepared to return; when lo, on a sudden, a Night, black as Egyptian darkness, overspread the Face of the Heavens, over-shadowed with thick Mists and thick Fogs; at which, whilst they were wondering, it began from the four Quarters of the Forrest to Thunder and Lighten horribly; which, ceasing, the roaring of Lyons and dismal Howls of Dragons were heard round about them; which, taken altogether, seemed as if Hell was broke loose, and the Fiends in hostile manner were come to assault them, insomuch that the boldest was not without some apprehension of Danger, as concluding the dismal Event proceeded from no natural Cause; in vain they sought to get out of the Forrest, finding themselves more and more entangled, as they laboured to do it, seeing many fiery Shapes of Giants and Monsters standing at the Avenues to oppose them; and, to be brief, in spite of all they could do, there were they forced to wander till the Morning; then the Sun rising fair upon the Earth, the Enchantment, for so other it was, being dissolved, they easily passed to the Plains, and from thence marched to the Palace, wondering at what had befallen them, yet little dreaming to what end it was caused.

C H A P. II.

How Parismenos and Angelica, returning to their Palace, to their great Grief, found their Son carried away by Enchantment: The Sorrow they were in for him; with the Prophecy they found written on a Pillar in the Hall; likewise the Description of the enchanted Gharior, and how they sent in Search of him; and of Angelica's having a fair Daughter.



NO sooner had they alighted, and entered the Palace, but they were greatly surprized, seeing all the Servants in Tears and Confusion, which they supposed might happen by reason of their absence; and *Parismenos* with the rest believing it to be so, yet wondering their Sorrow should continue, seeing they were safely returned; and began to relate what had befall in the Forest; but was interrupted by the young Princess and Nurses, who fell at his Feet, wringing their Hands, and

pouring forth Floods of Tears, craving Mercy, and entreating him to spare them from that Death they had justly deserved, in not being more careful in their Charge; for, whilst a heavy Drouthness fell upon them about Midnight, their young Lord *Parismenides* was stolen out of the Cradle, and carried away; they knew not whither, nor by whom, since their search, in order to his recovery, had been hitherto in vain: They further added, they were wakened by a sweet Harmony of Musick, but too late; for they found him gone, and the Doors open, that some time before had been strongly barred and bolted. This unexpected News struck the King and Queen and all their Train for a while dumb, with inexpressible Grief and Sorrow; and, indeed, no Words can paint out the extreme Agony of Mind it put them into; much ado had *Parismus* to prevail over his Anger, in causing these careless Nurses to be immediately put to death, or, as a merciful Sentence, doom them to perpetual Imprisonment. *Angelica's* Tears flowed without number, and she seemed upon this sensible Blow to be weary of her precious Life, inso-much that he was constrained to moderate his violent Passion, to comfort her (who swooned away twice or thrice) with hopes of recovering the sweet Babe they had so unfortunately been deprived of; when looking about, they spied in the Hall this Inscription on a Pillar:

*Grieve not for him, who to seek Glory's gone,
Whose Fame Fate will have travel with the Sun:
Soft Ease in Palaces were not decreed
For him, that nought but Ruin to Honour breed.
He will be found again, and stand in need
His Royal Parents in their greatest need.
He then shall a fair Royal Princess wed,
And be of Champions through the World the Head.*

They had no sooner read this Prophecy, with some Astonishment, mixed with some Beams of Comfort, but all with one Voice concluded he had been taken away by the same Enchanter or Enchantress that had charmed them in the Forrest, lest their Presence might possibly have hindered it; and this was the more confirmed, when some of the Inhabitants of the City, being late abroad, declared they saw, to their wonderment, a bright Cloud like a Chariot, with the forms of yoked Lyons and Dragons at a little distance in the Air over the Palace, and then saw it move westward, and heard most ravishing vocal Musick, and these Words, among others, distinctly:

*Come, sweet Babe, along with me,
And I will still take care of thee,
And make thy Fame in time to rise
Above the Earth and Starry Skies, &c.*

Till at last the Chariot vanished from their sight, which, as for their part, they looked upon as a Prodigy, but knew no further meaning in it. Notwithstanding this Light into the Mater, *Parismenor* and fair *Angelica* were so dissatisfied at the loss of all their Joy on Earth, that they could not rest contented till they had sent Messengers to enquire and make diligent search in every Kingdom or Island they could fancy he might be carried into, lading them with much Riches, in order to defray their Charges, or bribe him, if it might be out of the Hands of his Keepers, if they should happen to find him; or send word, and he would come in Person with an Army, if it needed, to rescue him; swearing, within six Months, to set forward in Person and travel all the World over in search of him, if in the mean time he heard no certain

News of the Place of his abode. And now the fair *Angelica*, being far gone with Child again, in full time was delivered of a beautiful Daughter, whom she named *Angelica*, and was in some measure comforted for the loss of her Son, and the rather, because it was prophesied she should one Day see him again. And under these Circumstances I must for a while leave the Royal Mourners, and follow young *Parismenides* to see what became of him.

CHAP. III.

How the young Prince *Parismenides* was carried in a Chariot, formed of Clouds, by the Enchantress *Bellona*, to an Island in the Black-sea, and delivered to the keeping of a Hermit. How he was suckled by a Hind; and how, in requital, he rescued her from a cruel Panther and slew him. By what strange and wonderful means he was carried thence in the pursuit of strange Adventures.



YOU may wonder now, who this was that enchanted the valiant *Parismenos* in the Theſſalian Forreſt, and, during that time, ſtole away the young Prince *Parismenides*, whilſt his Nurſes ſlept; I tell you it was the wiſe *Bellona*, a famous Enchantreſs, always favourable to the Princes of Greece, and particularly to the Lineage of the Theſſalian Kings; who, conſulting the Book of Fate, and finding there, that this young Prince was deſigned to compaſs mighty Things, that would raiſe his Fame to a high degree, concluded, the Eaſe, Riot, and effeminate Paſtimes, incident to Princes Palaces, with the over-fondneſs of his Parents towards him, would much Eclipse his Glory; to prevent which, in a ſhining cloudy Chariot, ſhe conveyed him to a remote Place, where his younger Years ſhould be intured to Hardſhip and Toil, and that, by Arms, he ſhould ſeek to raiſe his Renown, being altogether ignorant of his high Birth. In order to which, ſhe conveyed him, wrapt in a Clond (he being by the Power of her Magick charmed into a deep Sleep, all the while of his diery Paſſage) to an Iſland in the Black-ſea, being a large high Rock, crowned with Woods, caſting a horrid Shade; and committed him to a Hermit, who was all the Humane Creatures that inhabited this ſolitary Place, leaving a Bow, a Quiver of Arrows, and an enchanted Sword and Launce, to be given to him when he grew up; with the two firſt to exerciſe his childiſh Years, and with the two laſt to overcome in all Combates, and prevent the Power of Enchanters over him, when he ſhould be able to ſignalize his heroick Vertues in Feats of Arms; alſo ſhe left a Bracer of Gold, enchaſed with Diamonds and Rubies, in the form of Stars, that

was put about his Wrist by the fair *Angelica*, as soon as he was born, and had been brought to that Place with him; which, as it was designed, proved lucky afterwards, in bringing him the sooner to the knowledge, and preserving them from the extreamest Danger of their Lives, as will appear in the Series of the History.

The aged Hermit, who was a great Philosopher, and had much knowledge in Astrology, and other Sciences, looking earnestly on the Infant's Face, and perceiving, by Physiognomy, what mighty Fortune the Stars had destined him to, received him joyfully of the Enchantress, who was indeed his near Kinswoman; upon which, the Enchantress, cutting a Hole in the Earth, and pouring Water into it, after muttering some Words, a mighty Whirlwind arose, and carried her in a trice, through the Air, to her Coast on the enchanted Island, a vast distance thence in the Ionian Gulph.

Upon her departure, the good Hermit presently began to take care of his Charge; when, going out to gather Rubies and Boughs to make it a Cradle, the Royal Infant waking, tenderly wept, for lack of Food; which a stately white Hind hearing, left her Fawn, and running into the Cave, offered her swelling Tears to its pretty Mouth; on which, as hungry, prompted by the Instinct of Nature, the Infant greedily seized; and hung sucking there when the Hermit returned, the Hind not at all being frighted at his approach: So that this he looked upon as a Prodigy in Nature, and from thenceforth she came every Day to Suckle him, till he was grown up, and could be sustained by Roots, wild Fruit and such other things as could be got in that desert Place, and on which the Hermit had lived on amongst wild Beasts for many Years.

Parissus and Parissence.

As our young Prince grew up, and could
pleasantly, the good old Hermit instructed him in
the Sciences, taught him to Read and Write, and
how to handle his Bow and Quiver, shewing
him his Sword and Lance, and telling him the
Virtue of them; which was that those that bore
them, should never be vanquished by Man nor
Beast, nor be in danger of any Inchantment.
This made our young Prince heedfully view them,
smiling the while; and then pausing, demanded,
if there were any more People in the World than
they two? He told him, there were Multitudes,
and, in time, he would see them. These last Words
greatly enlarged his Thoughts, to know and con-
verse with them. So, in hopes to find them, he
often traversed the Woods with his Bow and Qui-
ver, ever bringing home some Trophy of his
Victory; soon becoming the exactest Marks-
man in the World; for whatevcr he shot at, he
hit to a Hair's breadth; when one Day, being in
the pursuit of his Game, he saw the Hind, who
had succoured him with her Milk, hotly pursu-
ed by a cruel Panther, who eagerly sought to devour
her: at which, being greatly concerned and
bled, he resolved to rescue her, though
hazard; who no sooner saw him, but
him for refuge, with Tears and Lament
a beseeching manner: The Panther
had outstript a pretty way, was by this
near, when *Parissmenides*, interpos'd
Death and the poor Hind, drew an
Head, and shot the Panther full in the
Arrow pierced his Heart, and dead
Ground, with a dismal Howl. The
ceiving her Enemy slain, fell at her Deliver
licking and watering them with Tears, as
foam, in gratitude; and, for Joy of their

ing again, he, in return of her former Kind-
ness, stroked her gently, and gave her some wild
Fruits he had gathered; but she would not leave
him, till she had waited on him to his Cave. This
Relation made by him, of his Valour and Grati-
tude pleased the Hermit; but, fearing his Courage
would carry him into Danger, for there were ma-
ny furious wild Beasts in the Island, he ordered
him, being now much grown to carry his Spear
and Sword with him, for a surer Defence, and go-
ing with him where the Panther lay dead, they
found a Device to take off his spotted Skin, and,
by rubbing it with Bark, and drying it in the Sun,
they brought it to limberness, that the good old
Hermit, making Needles of Fishes Bones, the Tide
had cast on the Shore, and Thread of the fine
Bark of a Taxel-tree, he made his young Hero a
kind of a Coat of Mail with it, the Head-part
serving him for a Murrion; which, being put on,
he looked like Hercules, returning from his Neme-
an Struggle of the mighty Lyons; and now, his
strength increasing, the wild Beasts fell every
day by his Hand, which rendered him so terrible
to them, that they not only refrained to assault
him, but fled his presence.

One Day, sitting on a Rock by the Sea-side,
he was musing how he came to this deso-
late place, having now in his mind some fore-
bodings of a better, and wondering he saw
while those People the Hermit had
a small Bark, richly gaily, spread-
with white Sails, made directly towards him;
he saw neither Pilot nor Mariner, only
a young Lady sitting on the Stern, adorned
with embroideries of Gold and Pearl, powdered
all over with Diamonds and all manner of
Stones, glimmering and casting a light

Thus, whilst these innocent Lovers were employing their Fancies and contriving to see and speak with each other, *Armandus*, King of *Bulgaria* and his Brethren, who lay in a Chamber together, were vext at their Disgrace, were plotting how they might destroy the strange Knight, before he took too deep root in the Court; they had with Envy observed the King of *Austrasia*'s Favour towards him, and the general liking of all the Court-ladies to him, and particularly the fair Princesses Eyes fixed on him, which nipt their Hearts with Grief. The two Brothers proposed to assassinate him in his Bed that very Night; but the Bulgarian King disallowed it, as too rash and open an Attempt; but proposed another Way, which might be done with less suspicion: They had brought two huge Lyons with them, in a large wooden Cage, intending, the next Day, to present them to the King of *Austrasia*. These he ordered the Keepers should let loose upon him, in the Passage leading from his Chamber, as soon as he came out of it in the Morning; and, when they had devoured him, pretend they forced their way out of the Cage. This they all agreed to, concluding it could not miss; so that our innocent Prince, dreaming of no treachery, as his wont was, rising early, came out of his Chamber; the first that saluted him were the two Lyons, with flaming Eyes, setting up their curled Mains, swinging their Tails, and roaring like Thunder; at first he started a little, but reassuming his manly Courage, he drew his dreadful Sword to the Encounter, which he needed not have done; for no sooner had they viewed him earnestly a while, but all their fierceness was abated, they came creeping on their Bellies towards him, sawning and licking his Feet, which made him take compassion on them.

ning, they walked by his side, till they came to the Place where their two Keepers lay hid, laughing in their Sleeves, expecting the event: on these they fell furiously, killing one, and had killed the other, had not the Prince interposed, and would have slain them for the Blood they had shed, but that the other Keeper, somewhat wounded, perswaded him not to do it; for it had been a Justice from Heaven shewn upon them, selling him all the Treachery intended against his Life; saying, he was surely some great Prince of the Blood-Royal, that made them thus obedient to him. And the Avengers of his Wrongs he lead by their Mains to the Cage, that stood hard by, putting them in, and locked them fast up, and so went his way unconcerned charging the Man, on his Life, to say nothing of the Matter relating to him; but, however, some, who from their Windows had beheld this with Terror and Admiration, soon spread it in the Court; whereupon the King of Bulgaria, and his Brothers, being rebuked sharply by the King of *Austrasia*, for using such Treachery in his Court, departed highly enraged, muttering dreadful Revenge: But his departure was joyful to the Princess, who now hated him worse than before; and, from this time, the Stranger, whom the King knighted, was named by him, and called, *The Knight of the Golden Star*; when himself had protested he knew not his Name, nor from what Stock he was descended, tho' they all concluded, that, by the Tryal made of the Lyons, he must be of Royal-Blood, and from thenceforth he was the honoured and favoured.

C H A P. VII.

How Parismenides, falling in love with the fair Princess Asteria, sought Means to discover it to her: Of the glorious Vision she saw; and how, by the means of a Letter drops in her way, she knew the Affection he bore her: With the Answer she returned. How they privately met in the Garden, and conversed together, but were disturbed by the King her Father, with other Matters.

THE Noise of these Adventures made the People flock to see this new Knight of the golden Star, and behold him with Wonder and Admiration, shouting and applauding him, but his Mind was otherways busied, than much to regard it; the Idea of the fair Princess was fixed there, and how he should express himself to gain her esteem, he was at a loss, as being a stranger in the Court, not acquainted by any who waited on her, to whom he might address himself to befriend him; he had not been long enough conversant with Men to know the meaning of Bribes, or what Force and Power Gold and Jewels had to work a Way through Difficulties; but the old Hermit, having taught him to Speak and Write well, he resolv'd at last to save his own Fears and her Blushes, that he would drop a Letter in her way, as carelessly, yet so as she might privately take it up, if it so pleas'd her; and, upon this, he betted all his Success or Infelicity; and, after he accompanied the King at a magnificent Entertainment, (where the Princess pretended not to be well, as fearing her Eyes and Blushes might discover her Love) going to his Chamber, he writ in this manner:

*F*air Angel of my Earthly Paradise, the Spring
 and Fountain of all my Happiness, compell'd
 by your dazzling Beauty and brighter shining Ver-
 tues, begging pardon, with bending in low as the
 Dust, for my daring Presumption, if Irresistable Fate
 constrains me to tell you so; Ambition soars as high
 as to ask leave to serve you; which I shall prefer be-
 fore enjoying the greatest Empire of the World, and
 made happy by a favourable Smile from the lovely
 Face of my Princess; I shall not envy any one his
 Greatness, were he Monarch of the Universe, but
 count my self infinitely more blest than he, thus to
 aspire, as it were, above the flaming Limits of the
 Worlds To love an Angel, like your self, is a Pre-
 sumption that you may confuse with just Indigna-
 tion; but I stand prepared to live by your Smiles, or
 to die by your Frowns: Who am, whilst breathing on
 Earth in all Dangers,
 O Your most obedient Knight of the golden Spar.

This he so opportunely dropt in the private
 Walks, in the Garden where she usually took the
 cool Evening-Air, that, she immediately entering,
 he had the happiness to see her take it up; and,
 seeing it superscribed for her self, she went apart
 to a cool spreading shady Arbour, a little distance
 from where he lay concealed, and, in much con-
 fusion, opened and read it; then paused, and
 sigh'd, as if she knew not what to think. And
 her Maids being by this time entered the Garden,
 and come to her, with whom she departed pensive
 and thoughtful to her Chamber, leaving him di-
 stracted, in a manner between hope and fear, whi-
 ther she had looked on it with favourable Eyes,
 or with a disdainful Resentment; however, wish-
 ing for the best, he got out of the Garden unseen,

and, composing himself as well as he could, made merry outwardly, (tho' inwardly his Mind was toss'd with Billows of Disorder and Confusion) with some of the young Nobility and Ladies, who much delighted in his Company.

Night growing old, and inviting to repose, the Company breaking up, he went to his Apartment; where, after seriously considering of what he had done, going to Bed, he found a Letter upon his Pillow, without any Superscription; he eagerly snatched it, and, by the Light of a Lamp burning by him, with a trembling haste he opened it and read these words.

Sir Knight of the golden Star,

*I*F I am not mistaken in the Man, I found a Letter writ by you in the Garden; I read it, and have the vanity to think it was meant to me: If so, it seems you are desirous to serve me; and, pardon my Blushee, if I tell you I shall think it an Honour to be served by so worthy a Knight; be cautious, however, of my Honour, and meet me the next Evening in the fletchermost Bower of the Garden, where I shall take care no Spies shall interrupt us, whilst you have declared more fully upon what Terms you would have me take you into my Service: So, with my Esteem, which is all at present I can allow, I subscribe myself, An honourer of your Worth and Vertues;

Upon this he kissed the Letter a thousand times, reading it oft, and in a Rapture cried out, but so low, that none might hear him, O let some Angel sound this with a golden Trumpet to the World, That my fair Princess does not disdain to bear me plead my Cause. He said many other things so extasied with Joy, that he could scarce contain

himself within the Bounds of Moderation: He thought Time moved too slow, and every Hour a Day, till the blessed Minute came, (which circling Time at last brought on) as she had promised and he wished; he found his lovely Princess alone, shaded with Roses and Jessamine, but herself the fairest Flower: he approached her with profound Humility, as some Goddess to whom Divine Adoration was due, and, bending one Knee to the Earth, took the boldness to kiss her fair Hand: At which she turned away and blushed, as ashamed of such a visionary Love; whilst he poured forth his Professions of Eternal Service, Faith and Loyalty; in fine, he urged his Passion so long, that, breaking silence, the modestly replied, That the first time she set her Eyes upon him, he of all the World seemed to her the Man the Fates had decreed her to love, and since she was hence confirmed in it; desiring him to be satisfied with this Confession, and keep it as his choicest Secret. He was about to reply, but the King unexpectedly coming into the Garden, the faithful Larinda, a Lady, (her great Mistress) who had been upon the point, brought her the joyful News of it, that our Knight, highly fascinated with his fair prevailing Fortune, had taken, through the back shady Alleys, to retire at a private Door, of which the Princess gave him the Key: The Ice thus broke, these Locks were open, by the means of Larinda, and he united their Hearts in the inseparable Bands of Love, that nothing but Death was able to dis-

1940

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CHAP. VIII

How the Queen, Prince and other Ladies, going in a Pleasure-boat on the River Albion, were taken by Andivaragus, a huge Giant, and carried to his strong Castle Prisoners. Of the King's Promise to any that should rescue them: and how it was performed by the Knight of the Golden Star, who slew the Giant and many of his Knights, and overcame two fierce Tygers, bringing the Queen and Princesses to Court, &c.



Whilst these things were thus privately done, the King's Council, to make them more completely happy, thought how to make them daily acquainted with the King, for to obtain her in Marriage, offering huge Ransoms in Dowry. The Summer being gay and pleasant, the Queen invited the Princess to accompany her to the Barge of Pleasure upon the River Albion, which

[illegible]

Monster, as the Giant was presented to him to be ; but seeing the King still in extrem Agonyes of Mind, and freely proffering his Daughter in Marriage, with half his Kingdom in Dowry, to any Knight that would be so hardy to rescue her and his Queen from the Tyrant's Power ; our overjoyed Prince, recollecting his many Spirits, with one Knee bended to the Ground, implored the King, that he might have the Honour of this Undertaking ; and upon his often urging it, the King, who before had seen his great Actions, admitted him his Champion, and renewed his Promise ; when early next Morning, taking a Guide with him, bravely promised, he set forward to try the Adventure ; and, after long travel, came before the Castle, and sounded a trumpet to bid Defiance, which rousing the Giant, he came forth, armed in a Robe of Adamant, and with a Voice like Thunder, demanded who he was, that durst disturb his Peace, for his Punishment should be bloody, and his Carcass serve as Meat for the Fowls of the Air. To which the Knight of the Golden Scale replied in a manly manner, *Behold the Man whom thou shouldst know, Tyrant and Ravisher, thy Daughter is come. And now, at this Speech, lifted up his mighty Mace, and thought, with one blow to have crushed him in pieces, as he had done many others ; but the Prince, who had stood before, seeing him on Foot, wisely avoided the Blow, which made an Impression but a Yard to the Ground, when flourishing his Sword, he strook him so full on the Helmet, that the Feathers flew from it in abundance, and he staggered back ten Paces, and bent one Knee to the Cavalier, yet, recovering, came on again bravely, and a dreadful Fight began between them ; at last the*

Giant's Armour being cut and broken in many
 places, which had never before basel him, the
 Prince, pursuing his Advantage in an open place,
 thrust in his Sword to the Hilt: so that the Mon-
 ster, with a huge Cry, fell, and the Ground trem-
 bled with his weighty Fall, he being nine Foot
 high, and six in compass. His Knights, who from
 the Wall, had beheld the dreadful Combate, and
 not doubting the Victory on their side, till they
 saw their Master fall, immediately loosed two
 black Tygers, as large as ordinary Horses, who
 came with furious Cries to the *Knight of the Star*;
 but upon the approach of the first, with a mighty
 Blow, he smote off his Head; which the other
 seeing, and having received a deep Wound, ran
 howling into the Woods, upon this six Knights
 advanced all at once against him, and for a time
 put him hard to it: but after a bloody Fight, they
 were all slain, upon which those within struck
 with Fear, could not be dared forth, upon which
 the *Knight of the Golden Star* advanced towards
 the Gate, by a steep narrow Alcant, cut in the
 Rock: those that kept the Pass scowled down
 mighty Stones, to over-whelm him: but, with
 great Labour and unconquer'd Courage, over-
 coming all Difficulties, he came at length to it,
 and found it thus when with the Giant's huge Mace,
 weighing two Weight, laying on terrible Blows, he
 burst it in pieces: then entering the Court-yard, he
 began a dreadful Combate with those that guard-
 ed it, making their Heads and Arms fly in such a
 terrible manner, that many being slain, the rest
 fled, and were by him driven into a Dungeon;
 where having shut them in, all but one, whom
 he took to show him the Ways of the Castle, he
 was led to a solitary Apartment, where he found
 the Queen, the Prince, and their Ladies, with

Parilia and Parliament.

185

dishevelled Hair, weeping piteously at their hard Fortune; who seeing him all over belmeered with Blood, grew more afraid, thinking he was an Executioner sent by the Giant to murder them; for such a one he promised to send, if they yielded not to his Lust: but he comforted them in the best-wise, and the sooner to put them out of their Fears, discovered who he was, which so revived their fainting Spirits, that their Joy burst forth in to Thanks and Praises of his Valour. Then, having freed many other miserable Captives, leaving his Guide he brought with him, and the Rowers that were taken, to look after the Castle, till Orders came from the King of *Albion*, sending the Queen, Prince and Ladies upon Flores he found there, he returned with them to the Court, whose arrival caused a universal Joy in all sorts of People. The King, with Tears embraced the Knight of the Golden Scar, and loaded him with a thousand Thanks, whilst the People shouted and sung his Praises; every where great Feasting was made for many Days, and the King, upon notice of all that had happened, sent Orders to demolish the Tyrant's Castle, that it might never again be a Refuge for wicked Persons; yet, at the Request of the Golden Scar's Intreaty, spared the Lives of such as remained in the Dungeon alive, and commended them to perpetual Banishment.

CHAP. IX.

How the King of *Albion*, instead of his Promise, banished and imprisoned him; how he escaped, was brought to his Executioner; his escape, and other Matters.

The Famous History of

Who can conceive the Joy the Princess received at her Deliverance, but the more, that him she lov'd so dearly had the Glory to be her Deliverer, at a time when she was to have been ravish'd by the Giant, if she longer refus'd to comply with his Lust. Now hoping that her Father's Promise might embolden the *Knight of the Bear* to ask her of him in Marriage without Offence, and thinking now their Loves might innocently be carried on without so much Caution and Privacy as before, they often met in the Garden, and in the Princess's Chamber; which being made known by some envious Spies to the other Suitors, they thought themselves undervalued the Princess should throw her Favours on a strange and a Knight, whose Parentage was unknown; and from that time, with many Arguments and Persuasions, made it their Business to incense the King against her, telling him such wandering Rumours as were current as Spies, to discover the Meetings of Prince, and betray them to their Enemies. These Insinuations so wrought upon the King, that when the *Knight of the Golden Star*, had an opportunity to fall on his Knees and claim his Promise, he received nothing but Frowns and hard Language, turning away in great Rage, disavowing his Promise, commanding him to depart the Kingdom, on pain of Death. This unexpected Welcome made him reply in such haughty Terms, as caused the King to imprison him, and doom him to Death, till the Queen and others interceded in Tears for him, and the Princess overwhelmed with Sorrow, that her golden Hair, flowing out about her face, for which she was famed in her Chamber, was pulled out, that she might not behold his face; and so great was his Anger, that

at Midnight the Murderers were sent to the Prison to dispatch him; who, seeing them approach, broke his Chains, and, wresting a Sword from the foremost, fell on with such fury, that he laid most of them weltring in their Gore; and, whilst all was in confusion, getting his Horse and Arms, hewed his way, with incredible slaughter, through the King's Guards, and breaking the Bars of the Gates got out of the City, and, next Morning, wrote a Letter, directed to the faithful *Isabella*, to be delivered to his Princess, intreating her for his sake to bear her Affliction with patience, and not injure herself with Sorrow or Violence; for he would only retire till her Father's anger was over, and then return to her again, in hopes of better Fortune. This by great Rewards he got delivered; only at the sight of it, with the Joy he surviv'd at his escape, he was somewhat comforted, vowing to be constantly his in Life and Death.

The King being inform'd of his escape thro' the midst of his Guards, was both angry and ashamed; but he had little time to think of this, for News came, that the King of *Bulgaria*, to revenge himself, was marching with a huge Army towards his Country, which made him rattle Forces out of hand in all Parts; but of this more hereafter.

CHAP. X.

How the Knight of the Golden Star, having escaped Imprisonment and Death, riding in the forest first discovered, rescued a distressed Lady from the hands of robbers, who were about to ravish her, and afterwards found to be the Fair Angelica; how he finished the wonderful adventure of the Enchanted Castle, rescued his Parents, and came to the happy issue of his high Birth.

THE Knight of the Golden Star having staid the Messenger's return, (and by him being assured, that the Letter was delivered, with an Answer that pleased) resolv'd to spend some time in search of Adventures abroad, to make himself more known to the World, and, if possible, to find out what Parentage he was sprung from; and perceiving on by a Forrest-side, where, hearing a Woman making pitious Cries, he enter'd it, and found a beautiful Woman pin'd to the Ground, stark naked, whom two Vilains were attempting to ravish; at whom he flew with his Sword in a violent Rage, taking one of their Heads off at the first Blow, and the other he grievously wounded, who fled among the thickest of the Forrest, and escaped him: Upon this he immediately unbund her, and raised her Cloaths (of which they had stript her) to be put on, made her mount behind him; and, as they journey'd, asked her many Questions: To which she replied, She was a Woman of good Birth; and, being married, her Husband, for some Reasons, many Years since, had undertaken to travel; and she, never since having heard of him, fearing some Misfortune, (in the company of those two villainous Servants) had been to search for him in divers Countries, till at length, inflamed with lustful Desires, being weary, and reposing in that leanly Place, they designed upon her Honour; which she opposing, they had so barbarously used her, as almost their wicked Ends, which they thought they had never had prevented: To this and such like Discourse they rid on till Evening, in hopes to meet with some Place of Entertainment to lodge in; when turning a Downy, a little Sparkle of Light appeared before them, which by degrees growing into a Fi-

lar, and moved before them, leading them to, as they supposed, a very fair House, the Windows and Towers of which were illuminated with Tapers: The *Knights of the Golden Steer*, thinking to find Entertainment here for him and the distressed Lady that Night, passed the Bridge, and with his Lance struck at the Gate: which immediately flew open: at this he wonder'd, seeing no body; however, they enter'd, and call'd, when all on a sudden, two mighty Giants forthwith pulled the Lady from behind him, and hurried her away as swift as the Wind: he then call'd for help to him, whilst others, with mighty Maces opposed themselves to him: who, angry at this rough Usage, run at them with his Spear, and tumbled them to the Ground: then directs fierce Lyons, chained to Pillars, were let loose: these he encounter'd with his Sword, and, in a dreadful Combate, overcoming them, they vanished from his sight: upon which a doleful Cry was heard in the Castle, as is usual when Soldiers storm a Town; however, alighting, he enter'd, cutting his way through a Band of Knights, that guarded the Pass, till he came into a great Hall, in which a Pillar of Carbuncle cast a Light like the Sun; and on it hung a Crown of Gold with this Inscription,

*He that me hence can read,
Shall this Enchantment end.*

Our Knight had no sooner read it, but laying hold on it with his strong Hand, it easily fell into it: upon which another doleful Cry arose; then followed a terrible Earthquake, and innumerable numbers of Fiends, Ghosts and Specters appeared, tormenting an old Man in a burning Chair, crying out piteously for Mercy: who, whilst our Knight was about to release the whole Palace

THE FANTASTICAL HISTORY OF

continued in vulgar Thunder and Lightning, and
Furies of Fire, which continued till Day appear-
ed, when he found himself in a large Meadow,
surrounded with many wonderful Creatures, both
Knights and Ladies, who praised him as their
Deliverer, and the bravest Knight in the World.
The Woman whom he had brought thither, was
the fair *Isabella*, who, in search of her Lord, en-
dured much misery, and at last more Shame, look-
ing faithfully on him, and the Ruby and Dia-
mond which she had seen of before, she knew
him to be the same *Parisian*,
and *Lamont*, who were all inhuman there by
Strangers, who inhuman him with Tears, tel-
ling him his Name and Birth, to his great won-
derment and rejoicing, concluding now the Pro-
phesy fulfilled; and immediately they went to
the Court of *Belmont*, which was nearer than that
of *Thessaly*, bounding on *Australia*; and, in the
way, he told them all he knew of his being in the
Desolate Islands, his coming into *Australia*; what
he had done there; his love to the Princess, and
how hardly he had been dealt withal; for which
they vowed to right him, and, by Arms, gain the
Reason for him, whether her Father would con-
sent or not. *MacD.* *to xviii.* *a* *xxi.* *to li.*

CHAP. XI.

The late King of *Bulgaria*, with a mighty Army,
invading the State of *Australia*, in search for
his Daughter, and his Son, who was the
Prince of the State, who refused the
Personal Obedience of *Australia*, joined the King of *An-*
ustralia, and the Prince of *Australia*, in a
war, which was the cause of the King of *Australia* and
the Prince of *Australia* being killed. *Great*

Great Joy was made in *Belus*, upon the arrival of these Princes, who had tasted much Sorrow for their long Absence; and Messengers were dispatched into *Thebes*, to relate the safety of *Parissus* and *Argolis*, with the finding of the young Prince their Son. But whilst Triumphant appeared every where, News came, that the King of *Bulgaria*, and his two Brothers, with a mighty Army had enter'd *Austrasia*, overthrow the King in three bloody Battles, and bravely besieg'd him in his capital City of *Armenia*, demanding the Princess *Asteria* to be given to the Bulgarian, or to reduce that famous City to Ashes, and convert all with Fire and Sword. This News sounded like a Clap of Thunder in the Ears of *Parissus*, who, impatient of delay, would have gone with a Host to rescue his Princess; but his Father and Council-father would not permit him to be expos'd to such danger, but in all haste rais'd an Army, and by swift Marches came upon the Bulgarians, as they were storming the City, and part of their Army had enter'd it, giving no Quarter to Men, Women, or Children. This so engag'd the three Princes, that, encouraging their Soldiers, they fell on like a furious Tempest, putting to the rout of them, till with great slaughter, destroying that part of the Army without the Walls, they enter'd the City, and mingled the Blood of the Conquerors with that of the Vanquish'd.

Parissus and his half-brother *Troors* went and came to the Palace, where the greatest Rites was made, and, dying amongst them, and his own Hand, slew the King of *Bulgaria* and his two Brothers; which so dishearten'd his Soldiers, that they threw down their Arms, and cry'd for Mercy; yet most of them were slain by the

[illegible]

